

TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION

NIGHTMARE

K
47778
75¢
NO. 22
OCT
1974

2 all-new
horror
characters

the Mummy
Khafre

*The Circus
of Horrors!*

the Bat

*Mercy, mercy,
cries
the Monster!*



THE MOOD-TEAM UNDERTAKERS

THE MOOD-TEAM UNDERTAKERS are the purveyors of the HORROR-MOOD illustrated tales in every issue of NIGHTMARE, PSYCHO and SCREAM, all grouped here to unearth a very special magazine — TOMB OF HORROR. This is the pilot, or premier edition, of TOMB OF HORROR — a magazine which will begin on a regular schedule in just a few months, in the spring of 1975.

Howcum we don't make THIS number one, and get rolling right away on a regular schedule with the 4th HORROR-MOOD magazine? Here's the truth — as you, the reader know only too well, there are a lot of so-called horror magazines on the newstands at the moment. As you also know, some of those magazines are filled with very old reprints, and pages and pages of photo features, presented by a new publisher trying to make money in this market by selling you one or two original stories for a buck.

The SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD POLICY is somewhat different — we aim to give you original stories and art from front cover to back cover, every issue, for a price that isn't a rip-off. If we can't make money honestly, we'll get into another business. We promise to keep our magazines

honest — in other words, we won't pad half our pages with photo features that usually cost next-to-nothing to produce. As you know, those magazines are here one day and gone the next.

The HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES operate under a different philosophy! You KNOW we're giving you our best (and we keep getting better, right? Look at this issue), and when you people are looking around for good horror entertainment, you know our stories never fail to be readable because we don't pamper to 'fandom', we pamper to 'average readerdom' — that means YOU. Stick with us, and very soon we'll delight you with TOMB OF HORROR on a regular schedule.

Open us up; Enjoy the MACABRE talents of the HORROR-MOOD UNDERTAKERS as pictured below — MAELO CINTRON (the artist of these portraits), ZESAR, ED FEDORY, CESAR LOPEZ, JESUS DURAN, AL HEWETSON and GUS FUNNELL, plus the many other people in this great issue — DOMINGO, BOB MARTIN, JOE CARDONA, FERRAN SOSTRES, GENE DAY,AGRAS and cover artist FABA. Why are we undertakers? Because we in the HORROR-MOOD TEAM have only one undertaking in life — YOUR reading pleasure. Read on — and enjoy, enjoy.



TOMB OF HORROR

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION

- edited by ALAN HEWETSON

JOHN AGRAS CARDONA MAELO CINTRON GENE DAY DOMINGO
JESUS DURAN FABA ED FEDORY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL CESAR LOPEZ
BOB MARTIN FERRAN SOSTRES

The Tomb of Horror ...pg. 4 **The Bat-Mercy, mercy, cries the Monster** ...pg. 6
Editorial ...pgs. 16 and 17 **When I was a boy I watched the Blood Wolves** ...pg. 18
Kill, kill, kill, kill and Kill Again ...pg. 24 **cMy Soul is in Hell** ...pgs. 34 and 35
Vampire vs. Werewolf ...pg. 36 **The Coxsackie cAxe-Murder** ...pg. 46
The Mummy Khafre-the Funeral ...pg. 57



NIGHTMA

NIGHTMARE IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWORLD CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10017. PUBLISHED 8 TIMES A YEAR. EDITED BY RONALD ETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS AND MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER. ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS MAGAZINE LENDER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT IS MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN REQUESTED. A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE, AND OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING IN THE SAME CITY, PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE COPIED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN CONSENT OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. SERVED AND DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

TOMB OF HORROR

IN THIS COFFIN IS USUALLY DOCTOR VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN -- HE'S NOT HERE AT THE MOMENT. HE'S IN ONE OF THE CELLS TRYING TO PATCH UP THE TORN AND MUTILATED BODY OF ANOTHER RESIDENT, WHO LAST NIGHT WAS ATTACKED BY THE FELLOW IN THE NEXT COFFIN I'LL SHOW YOU...



IN THIS CELL, UNDER LOCKED KEY, IS ERIC, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA -- WHO IS A VENGEFUL, ANGRY SPIRIT -- IF WE UNLOCKED THE CELL AND LET HIM OUT HE'D THROW ACID IN THE FACES OF ALL THE OTHER INMATES -- HIS MIND IS GONE COMPLETELY -- WRETCHED MAN...



WELCOME TO THE VAULT ROOM IN THE TOMB OF HORROR -- WHERE ABOGNATIONS CREEP AND BEHEMOTHS SLITHER ABOUT IN SEARCH OF A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET -- THERE IS, OF COURSE, NO SUCH THING AS 'PEACE AND QUIET' IN THIS HELL-WELL, FOR HEREIN CERTAIN EARTH-BORN MONSTERS ARE INTERRED FOR A VERY GOOD REASON --

"BEFORE I TELL YOU THIS REASON, LET ME TAKE YOU ON A GUIDED TOUR OF OUR 'CHOKE' RESIDENT HUMAN FREAKS..."



INTRODUCED BY DWARFISH DOMINGO...

THIS FELLOW IS NONE-OTHER THAN VLAD THE IMPALER, WHOM YOU KNOW AS OL' COUNT DRACULA HIMSELF -- HE IS DEAD, AND BURIED, BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THIS FIEND FROM PERIODICALLY ATTACKING OTHER RESIDENTS OF THIS TOMB OF HORROR -- FOR THE MOMENT HE SLEEPS, THANKFULLY SATIATED IN HIS LUST...



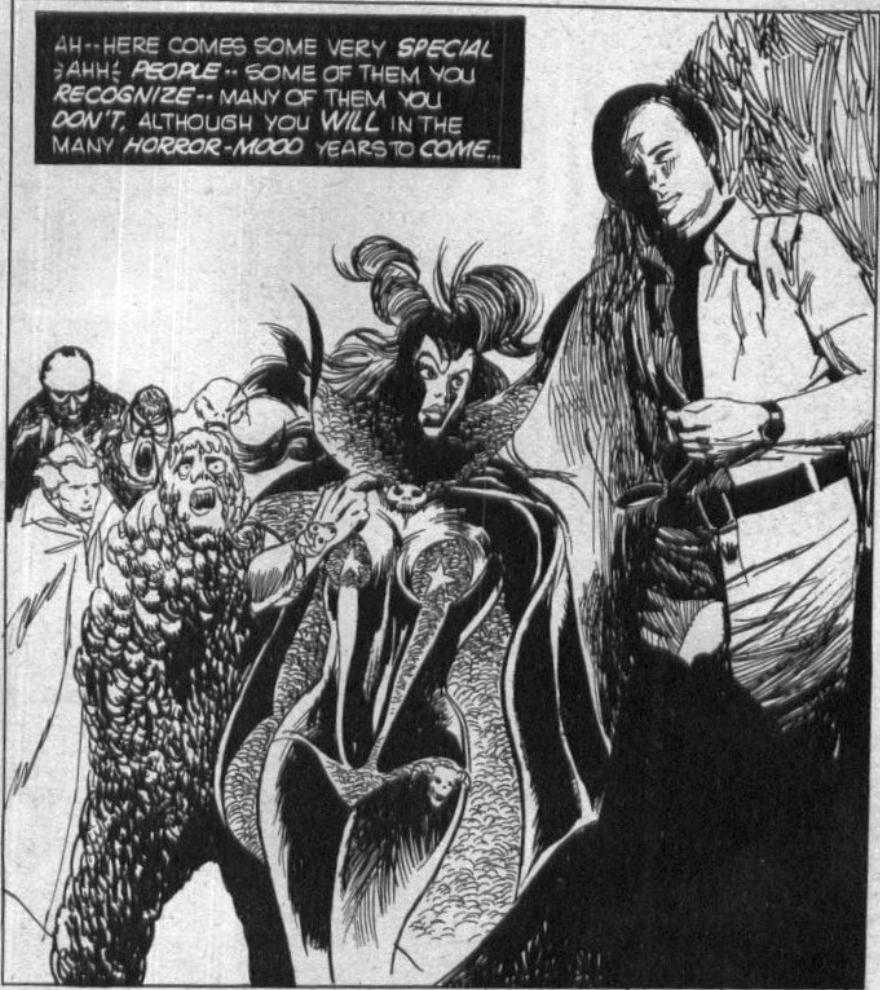
YES -- THIS PIT IS JUST CHOCK-FULL OF INTERESTING CHARACTERS, ALL HERE IN THIS PARTICULAR PLACE FOR A VERY PARTICULAR REASON -- BUT BEFORE I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT LET ME INTRODUCE SOME MORE RESIDENTS --



YOU RECOGNIZE THIS FELLOW, I'M SURE -- FORTUNATELY, HE DOESN'T TALK MUCH OR DO MUCH -- HE JUST SITS AROUND, FORTUNATELY FOR US...



AH--HERE COMES SOME VERY SPECIAL
>AHH--PEOPLE--SOME OF THEM YOU
RECOGNIZE--MANY OF THEM YOU
DON'T, ALTHOUGH YOU WILL IN THE
MANY HORROR-MOOD YEARS TO COME...



YOU SEE, DEAR READER--

--THIS TOMB IS INDEED A VERY SPECIAL TOMB -- FOR THIS PLACE IS HELL -- IN A VERY SPECIAL CORNER OF HELL...



HEREIN DWELL MONSTERS, BEHEMOTHS, LUNATICS -- ALL THE CHARACTERS WHO INHABIT YOUR FAVORITE TALES OF HORROR -- AND JUST AS THEY COULD'NT RELATE TO PEOPLE ON EARTH, SO THEY CAN'T GET ALONGS WITH THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF HELL EITHER...

...SO HERE THEY'RE SHUT AWAY, IN A SPECIAL TOMB IN HELL FOR ONCE-HUMAN CHARACTERS SO FIERCELY INDIVIDUALISTIC, THAT EVEN LUCIFER HIMSELF IS SCARED TO LET THEM MINGLE WITH THE OTHER RESIDENTS OF HELL -- THERE WOULD BE CHAOS -- AND THERE MUST BE A CERTAIN ORDER, EVEN IN HELL! ...THIS IS THE TOMB OF HORROR, WHERE ONLY MISFITS AND FIENDS DWELL ...

... JOIN US, WON'T YOU?...





...CHAPTER ONE
INTRODUCES THE AWESOME
CHARACTER: **THE BAT**--
AN' IF YOU LIKE HIM AN'
WANT TO SEE MORE OF HIM,
THE BAT WILL HAVE A
REGULAR CONTINUED
SERIES OF HIS OWN...

...WELCOME TO THE **TOMB**
OF HORROR... I AM **THE**
VULTURE, YOUR HOST FOR A
SPECIAL INNOVATIVE SERIES
OF HORROR TALES -- EACH
CHAPTER INTRODUCES A
BRAND-NEW HORROR
CHARACTER -- WHOSE
FUTURE IN TH' HORROR-MOOD
MAGS YOU WILL DECIDE...



... BEFORE WE BEGIN, I'D LIKE
TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT
WHY I'M HOSTING THIS
SERIES...

... I AM **THE VULTURE** -- AS
DESPICABLE A BIRD AS EVER
TOOK TO FLIGHT -- I AM A
PARASITE, I WATCH, AND
WAIT -- TO SEE WHEN MY
VICTIMS ARE **DEAD** -- ONLY
THEN WILL I SWOOP IN
FOR THE **FEAST**...

... THAT'S WHY I'M HOSTING
A SERIES ABOUT OTHER
CHARACTERS -- I AM AN
IMPOTENT OBSERVER -- A
WATCHER -- I **OBSERVE** THE
MAUDLIN LIVES OF OTHERS
AND **REPORT** THEIR
TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES...

... SO YOU SEE -- I AM THE
PERFECT HOST...

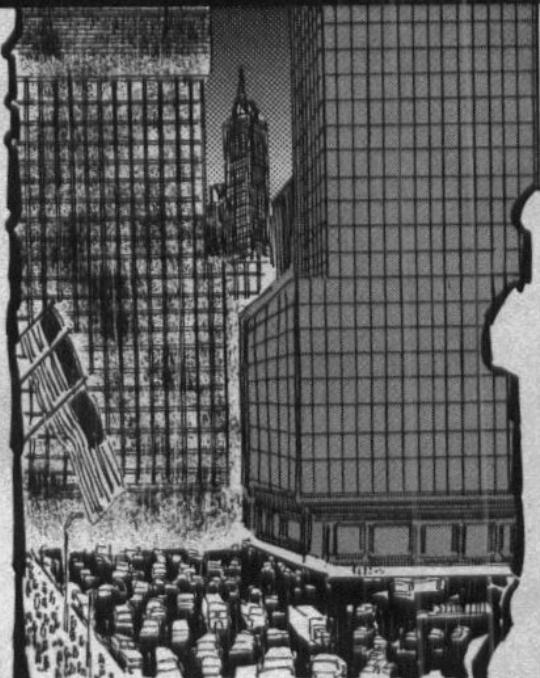


... SO STARTS MY TALES ...

THE TALES OF THE VULTURE

CHAPTER ONE

ON THIS EARTH THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF JUNGLES...
... THERE IS THE CITY-JUNGLE KNOWN AS
MANHATTAN...



WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOB MARTIN



... THERE ARE THE TROPICAL JUNGLES OF
CENTRAL AMERICA -- WHERE SURVIVAL IS
SOMEWHOW EASIER THAN IN THE CITY FOR
THE EVENING DOES NOT COME SNEAKING
UP FROM BEHIND YOUR BACK -- BUT
CONFRONTS YOU FACE TO FACE --

...THE MAN RUNNING IS BROCK STANS -- AN ARCHEOLOGIST FROM MANHATTAN DIGGING FOR PREHISTORIC BONES IN THESE JUNGLES...

...HE IS GREATLY DISADVANTAGED, FOR HE'S A CRIPPLE -- HIS RIGHT LEG WAS IMPROPERLY FORMED IN THE WOMB -- TO WALK IS UNCOMFORTABLE -- TO RUN IS AGONIZING...

...YET HE MUST RUN, AS MUST THE OTHERS IN HIS PARTY -- FOR A HORDE OF THE FAMOUS CENTRAL AMERICAN VAMPIRE BATS ARE ATTACKING AND ARE ALMOST UPON HIM...

...AND AS HE KNOWS, WHEN VAMPIRE BATS ATTACK THEIR VICTIMS, THEY DO NOT MERCIFULLY KILL -- THEY INSTEAD BRUTALLY MAIM AND TORTURE BY RIPPING OUT THE VICTIM'S THROAT, SO THAT FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE -- HE HAS TO CONSTANTLY GASP JUST TO BREATHE...



**THE BAT -- MERCY,
MERCY CRIES THE MONSTER**



...ONCE SATIATED, THEIR GREED FOR HUMAN BLOOD FULFILLED, THE BATS WITHDRAW -- NOW THEY NEED REST, HAVING COMPLETED THEIR DAILY TASK -- THEIR GOD-GIVEN FUNCTION... LEAVING IN THEIR WAKE A MAN IN AGONY AND MISERY... NEARLY DRAINED OF HIS BLOOD-- RABIES COURSING THROUGH HIS VEINS AND MORBIDITY SYPHONING HIS PEACE OF MIND AS HE LIES IN A HOSPITAL BED -- THEN THE HASTY GATHERING OF HIS BONE-DISCOVERIES AND THE RETURN VOYAGE TO MANHATTAN WHERE HE KNOWS THE PASSAGE OF TIME WILL CUSHION HIS DISCOMFORT...



I FEEL SICK! I FEEL TERRIBLE-- HEADACHES AND CONSTANT NAUSEA-- WHAT IS IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE THIS? THE RABIES?-- THE DOCTORS CLEARED THAT UP... I GUESS I NEED REST... OR MAYBE I HAD TOO MUCH REST LYING IN THAT HOSPITAL BED FOR A WEEK AND A HALF...

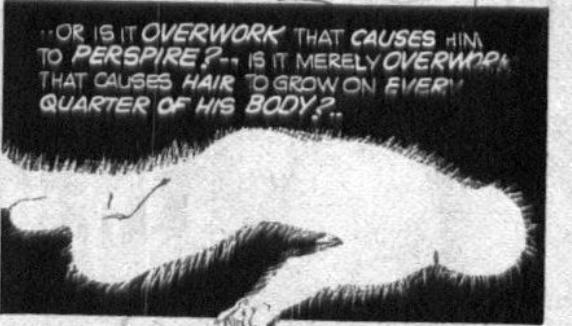
... I NEED TO GET BACK TO WORK-- THROW MYSELF INTO MY WORK AT THE MUSEUM-- FORGET THE ATTACK COMPLETELY...



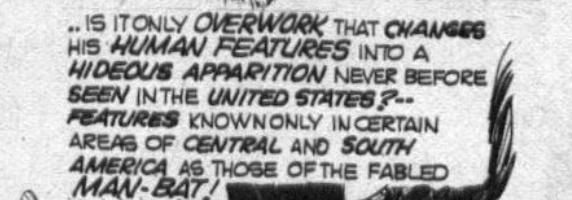
...THE PRESENT: THE MIDDLE OF THE DARK MORNING WITHIN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL PREHISTORIA IN MANHATTAN-- PROFESSOR BROCK STANS IS WITHIN, WORKING TO CONSTRUCT A MONSTER-- A BEHEMOTH WHOSE BONES HAVE BEEN UNDER THE EARTH THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

...IS IT FATIGUE THAT OVERCOMES HIM?-- OR IS IT SOMETHING ELSE THAT MAKES HIS HEAD REEL AND HIS STOMACH TWIST?-- IS IT, PERHAPS, THE FULL MOON OUTSIDE THIS NIGHT? THE FIRST FULL MOON HE HAS BEEN UNDER SINCE THE GRUESOME ATTACK TWO WEEKS BEFORE-- IS IT THE FULL MOON THAT CAUSES HIM TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS?--

... AND FALL
A DISTANCE THAT WOULD KILL ANY NORMAL MAN? IS THE FULL MOON A FACTOR?



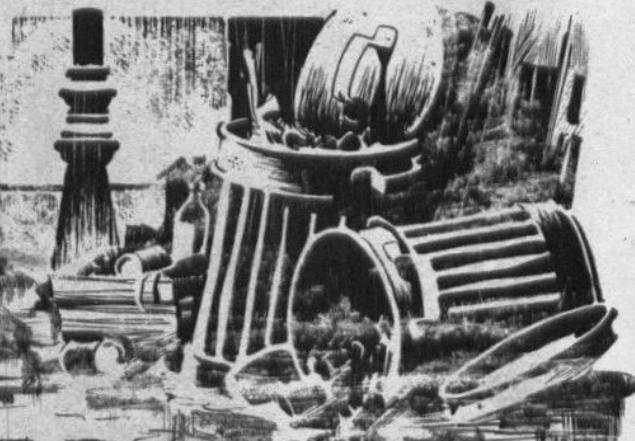
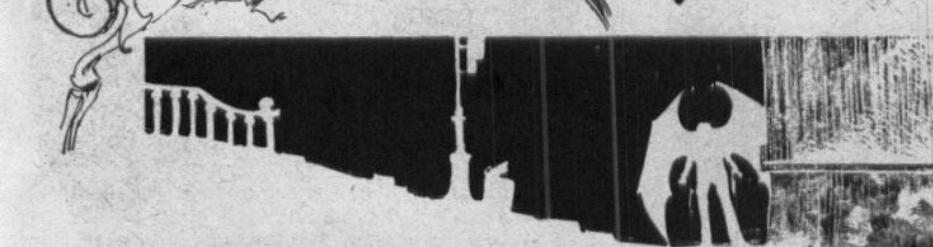
..OR IS IT OVERWORK THAT CAUSES HIM TO PERSpire?-- IS IT MERELY OVERWORK THAT CAUSES HAIR TO GROW ON EVERY QUARTER OF HIS BODY?..



..IS IT ONLY OVERWORK THAT CHANGES HIS HUMAN FEATURES INTO A HIDEOUS APPARITION NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES?-- FEATURES KNOWN ONLY IN CERTAIN AREAS OF CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA AS THOSE OF THE FABLED MAN-BAT!

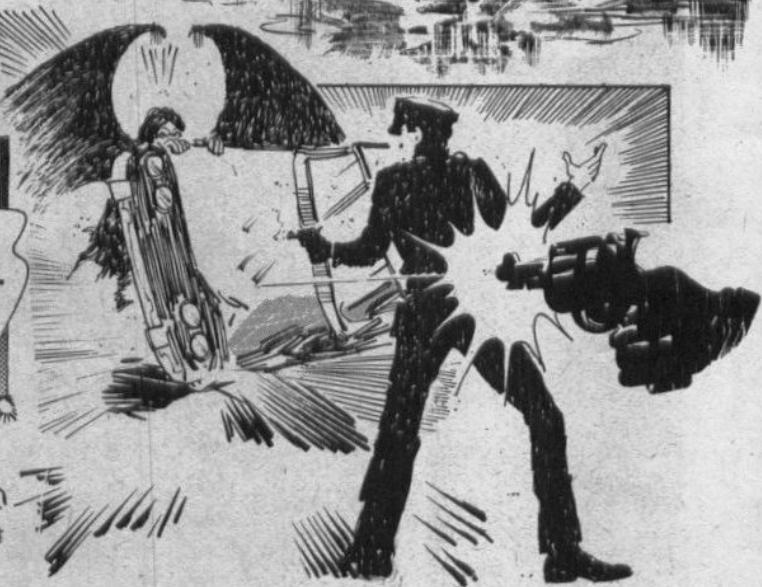


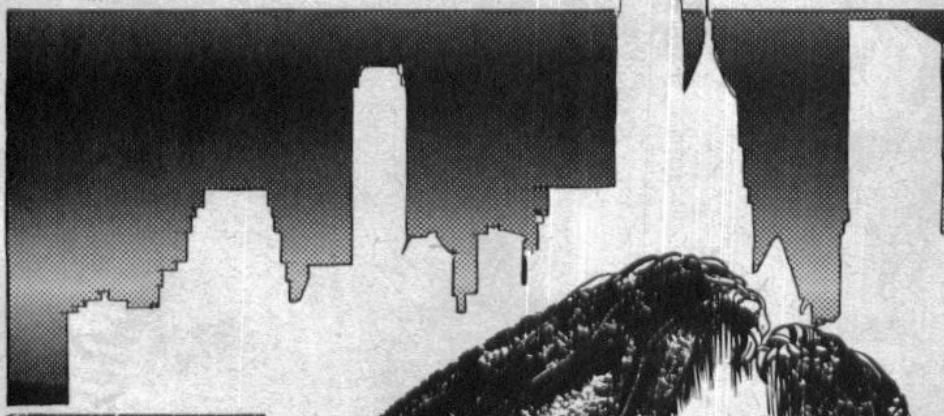
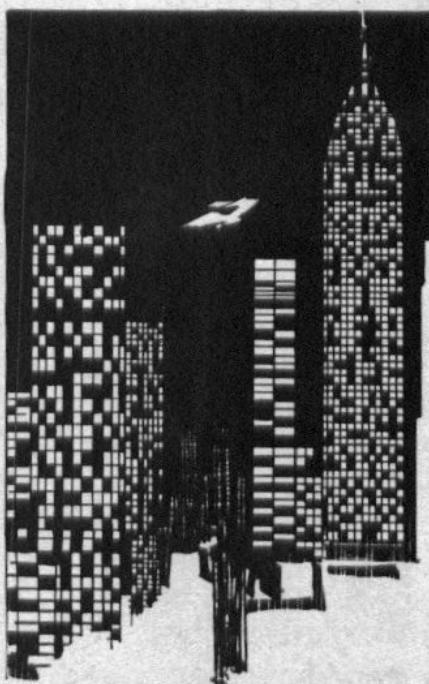
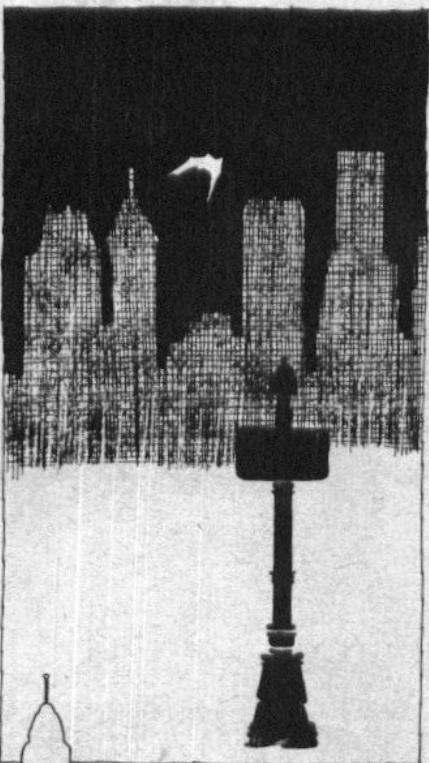
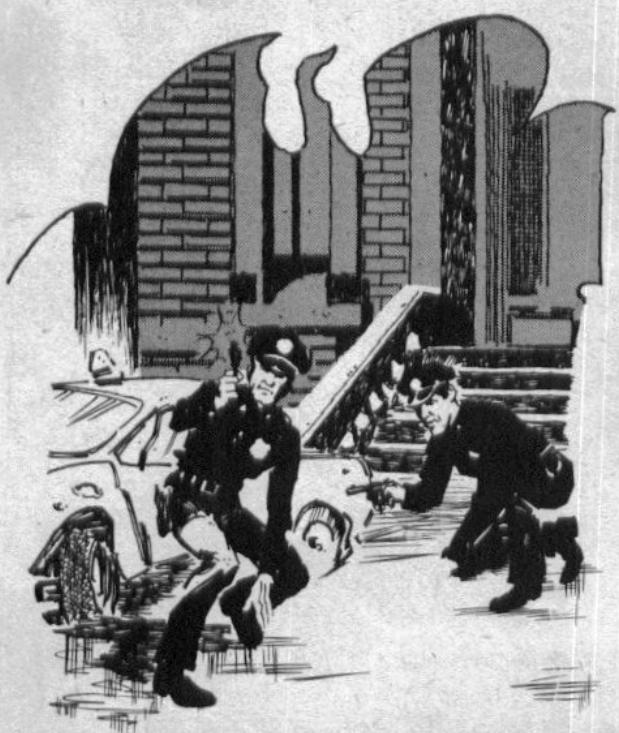
--NO, IT IS NOT MERELY OVERWORK-- IT IS A COMBINATION OF THE CATALYTIC MOON AND A MONSTROUS CURSE WITHOUT-A-NAME THAT CHANGES BROCK STANS' PLACID FEATURES INTO A GUISE OF INHUMAN PROPORTIONS-- THAT CHANGES HIS QUIET, ACADEMIC MIND INTO THAT OF A FEROCIOUS BEAST

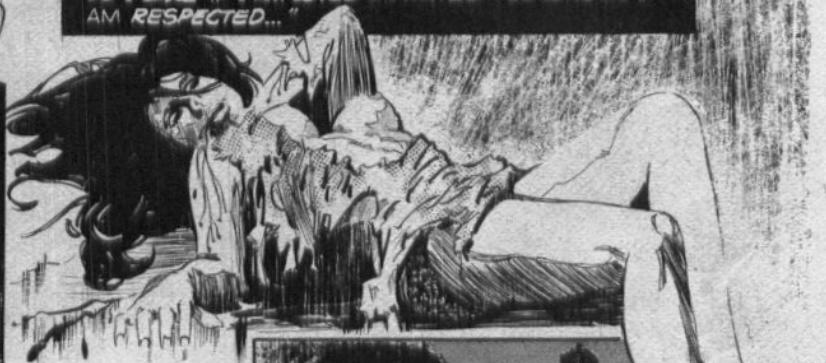
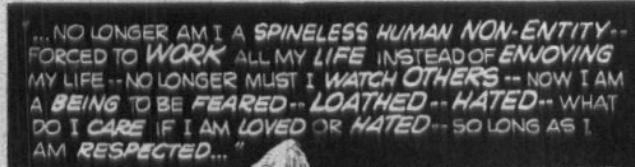
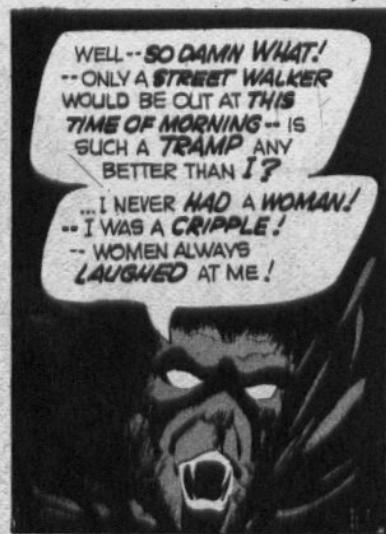
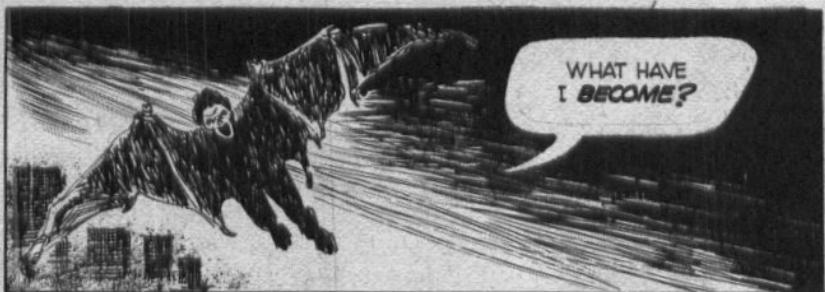


...MANHATTAN-- AT 4:00 ON A SUNDAY MORNING, IS DESOLATE, BLEAK, AND MIGHTY COLD -- YET THIS BEAST NOTICES NOTHING -- HE BLINDLY STUMBLIES INTO THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY, FRANTICALLY TRYING TO UNSCRAMBLE HIS CLOUDED THOUGHTS ...

...HE EMERGED WITHOUT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD-- YET ONE CONFRONTS HIM NOW-- THE LAW-- NOTORIOUSLY, IN THIS CITY AT LEAST, EAGER TO PROTECT THE EMPTY STREETS -- THE VICTIMLESS CRIMES THEY OVERLOOK USUALLY, YET THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO THWART THIS VICTIMLESS CRIMINAL BEFORE HE CAN FIND A VICTIM! --









YOU SEE, FOOL?--YOU SEE?--YOU ARE DERANGED--YOU ARE MAD--YOU NEARLY KILL AN INNOCENT GIRL, AND NO DOUBT YOU HAVE KILLED MANY IN THE PAST, BECAUSE YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS THE ROMANTIC VAMPIRE OF GOTHIC LITERATURE...

...WHY?--BECAUSE YOU LIVE SO DULL A LIFE YOU HAVE TO IMAGINE YOURSELF A SOMEBODY?... YOU ARE A NOBODY... YOU AMOUNT TO NOTHING! ...BUT I--BORN THIS NIGHT--AM INDEED A SOMEBODY...

...OF ALL THE MILLIONS IN THIS CITY-- I AM ALONE IN MY MAJESTY!

I--I FEEL SO **WEAK**
--NAUSEA
OVERWELMES ME!

...GET A WAGON
HERE, **FAST!**

POLICE--HELP
ME--THIS GUY
IS NUTS!

SEND A WAGON
TO 42ND AND
8TH ON THE
DOUBLE!

I SEEM TO BE
CHANGINS
-- BACK TO MY
HUMAN STATE!

WE ATTACKED
ME-- I WASON MY
WAY TO WORK AN'
HE JUMPED OUT
AN ALLEY AND
ATTACKED ME!

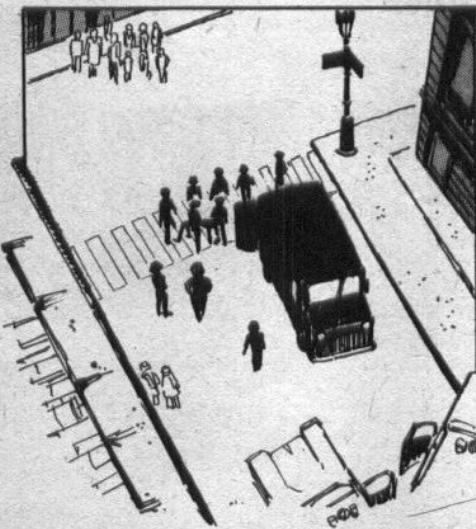
JUST STAY
PUT MISTER
--I DON'T
WANT TO
HAVE TO
KILL YOU!



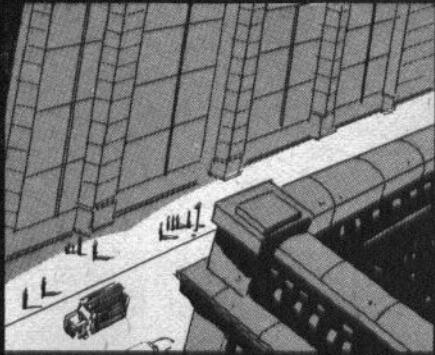
...HE'S UNCONSCIOUS
--LET'S GET THIS NUT, OR
WHATEVER HE IS-- INTO
AN ASYLUM BEFORE HE
CAN HURT SOMEBODY...

...SOME ANIMAL
RIPPED OUT THE
THROAT OF A
GIRL UPON 60TH
STREET A COUPLE
OF HOURS AGO
-- IT MIGHT'VE
BEEN HIM!

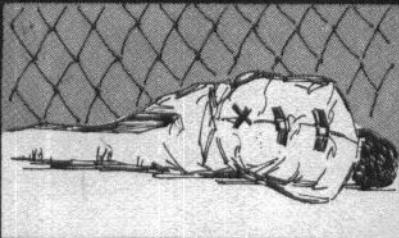
HE ATTACKED ME
--I WAS JUST
WALKING ALONG
THE STREET GOING
TO WORK, AND HE
ATTACKED ME--
I SAW HIM
MOLESTING A GIRL
IN THAT ALLEY...



...12 HOURS AGO, BROCK STANS WAS A *NOBODY*.. AND AS A *NOBODY* HE WAS *UNHAPPY* WITH HIS *LIFE*...



...JUST A FEW HOURS AGO -- HE BECAME A *SOMEbody*.. THOUGH A *SOMEbody* WITH A *LIMITED FUTURE* -- HE BECAME A *MURDERER* -- AND AN *AVENGER* -- AT ONCE A *CRIMINAL* AND A *LAWMAN*-- HE *MURDERED* A *YOUNG WOMAN* ONE HOUR, AND DURING THE *NEXT HOUR* HE *SAVED ANOTHER* FROM *DYING*...



...HE HAS BECOME A *SOMEbody* WITH A *MIND* NEITHER *EVIL* NOR *VIRTUOUS*.. THE *AMMORAL ENIGMA*... THE *CLASSIC FIEND*. WHO KNOWS NOT WHAT HE DOES OR WHY, WHO CHOOSES TO *JUSTIFY* BOTH THE *GOOD* AND THE *BAD*, BECAUSE HE IS THE *PHYSICAL SUPERMAN*, THE *EMOTIONAL NAPOLEON*, THE *PHILISOPHICAL INTROVERT*... AT ONCE A *SOMEbody* AND A *NOBODY*...



...NIGHT FALLS -- THE *FULL MOON* SHINES THROUGH THE *BARRED WINDOW* OF THE *PADDED CELL* IN *BELLVIEW ASYLUM*...

...AND THE *BAT* WANTS *OUT*!...

NEXT: IF YOU DEMAND IT: OUT INTO HELL!

...REGISTER YOUR *VOTE* IF YOU WANT THIS CHARACTER OUT OF THIS *ASYLUM* AND INTO *ACTION* IN A *REGULAR SERIES*

--FILL OUT THE *COUPON* ON THE *LETTERS EDITORIAL PAGES* 16 AND 17 ...

...IN THE *MEANTIME*: IN *CHAPTER TWO* OF *TALES OF THE VULTURE*

--THE BIRTH OF AN ALL NEW CHARACTER - *THE PHANTOM OF THE DEAD*!



TOMB OF HORROR EDITORIAL PAGES

Wondering who the MOOD-TEAM UNDERTAKERS are?



Welcome to our very special premier TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION, the pilot issue of a magazine that will debut on a regular schedule in the spring of 1975. We hope you like what we have for you in this issue, which features just about everybody some-place-or-other, and which is a veritable cross section of wild, different talents. Special thanks goes to GUS FUNNELL, ED FEDORY and MAELO CINTRON, without whose invaluable aid along the way this issue would have been impossible.

Two new characters are unveiled in this issue. THE BAT, in MERCY, MERCY, CRIES THE MONSTER, is the first chapter of THE TOMB OF HORROR series: TALES OF THE VULTURE. This series will be illustrated in the future by a variety of artists, and in each chapter THE VULTURE will introduce a new character for your approval and appraisal. However, each chapter of the new CHARACTER, if you say yes to his continuing, will be illustrated by the artist who

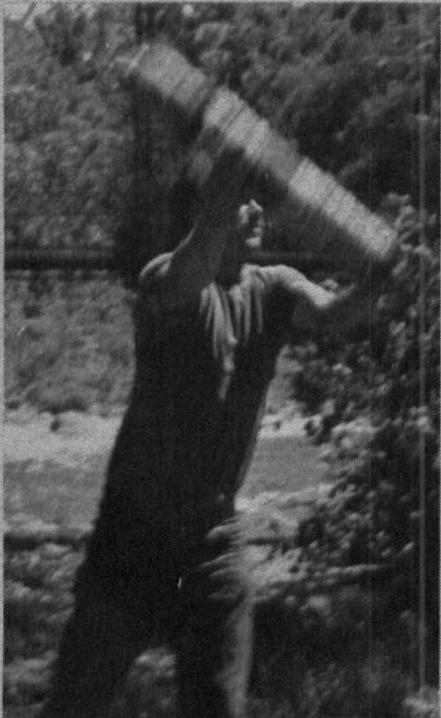
introduced the character. Make a special note to fill in the coupon herewith and send it in. In fact, do it right now. If you don't wish to demolish the magazine then just make a Xerox copy or just print out your comments on a piece of paper and send it in. But send it in — The future of THE BAT is entirely up to you. Chapter two will not even be written until all the votes are in and counted. We will announce the results of the vote as soon as we know, in an issue of PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, OR SCREAM.

Our second brand new character unveiled in this issue is THE MUMMY KHAFRE, that rather beautiful old girl who'll wing her way into your heart in future issues. Because this is a regular character, we intend to present her regularly in every issue of PSYCHO, beginning NEXT MONTH. When TOMB OF HORROR is released as a regularly issued HORROR-MOOD title, we will return the MUMMY KHAFRE to these pages. Actually, you KNOW that

The MOOD-TEAM MANIACS

Many hundreds of thousands of letters are daily received demanding a look behind the scenes in the Editorial Offices! Unfortunately, these requests are sent to MAD magazine and not to us! But that's okay, even

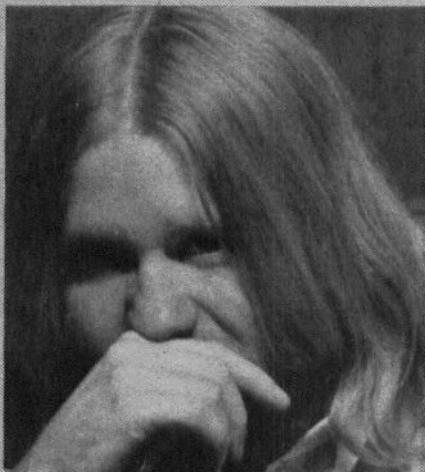
though you didn't demand them we'll give 'em to you anyway! Here are the most recent photographs taken of the maniacal, mirthful MOOD-TEAM contributors! None of these photographs are real — these people



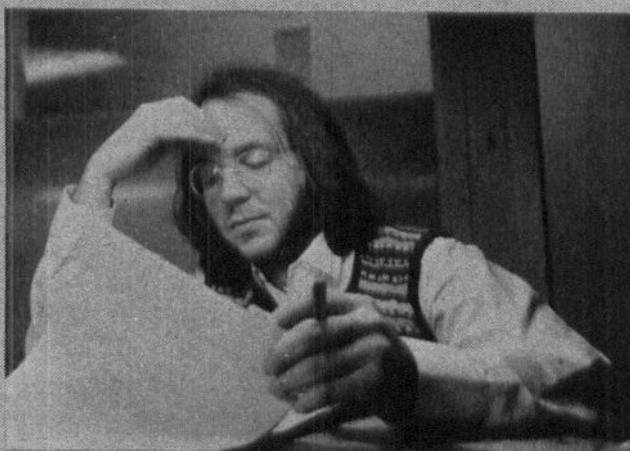
Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY is pictured here throwing large trees.



Archaic AL HEWETSON in a formal portrait taken to celebrate his graduation from HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.



Awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL is pictured here covering up his beard which was especially grown for this photograph.



Macabre MAELO CINTRON is pictured here thinking for a few moments — this is a very rare photo because Maelo rarely thinks.

are all professional models — we couldn't possibly print photographs of what we REALLY look like, we'd be put to sleep by the A.S.P.C.A. If you would like to own an 8 x 10 glossy photograph, suitable for framing on your wall, excellent for a conversation item, and entirely appropriate for wrapping fish, simply write us a letter telling us WHY - on - earth you want the photograph, and enclosing a \$10 bill (no checks), and we'll send you absolutely nothing in return.

YOU make the decision on whether we continue the MUMMY KHAFARE, by your letters and comments, just as you decide the future of THE BAT by your vote coupons.

Messrs. FEDORY and FUNNELL took great care in preparing their scripts for this special issue — so when you drop us a line about this issue make sure you let us know what you think of their contributions.

There has been some controversy about the letters pages of comic books and magazines. That is, whether the letters therein are real or made up by the publishers. The talk has not touched on the HORROR-MOOD magazines, probably because of our unique letters/editorial format. However — I, as editor, hereby make the following straightforward statement. During my editorship of these magazines, I have never once placed in these pages a phony or made-up letter — all letters have been 100% genuine. I DEFY ANY OTHER EDITOR OR PUBLISHER TO PRINT THIS CLAIM.

Speaking of letters — THE BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS are coming in bunches — keep 'em coming — they are your KEY to HORROR-MOOD participation. TERRY COYLE of Monticello, Iowa, writes: "The best story in NIGHTMARE #20 is THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE because ARCHAIC AL's story really freaked me out. CARDONA is a good artist, but I have seen better — CESAR'S return will be welcomed but if he decides to stay away, CARDONA can stay and handle the strip perfectly. Above all, after I read parts of the Shoggoth series, I find myself BELIEVING the story. Favorite title: THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN; Favorite characters: THE HUMAN GARGOYLES; Favorite series: THE SHOGGOOTH MYTHOS, and NOSFERATU. Text stories are good if handled right. New ideas for the HORROR-MOOD magazines? I'd like to see the return of the HELL-RIDER in his own magazine. You could try to get the original team of writers and artists, or CINTRON would be



a cool artist (only if he would stay on THE HUMAN GARGOYLES). Also have CINTRON do a cover of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES."

... Thank you Terry — CESAR will certainly be returning to do THE SHOGGOOTH CHRONICLES just as soon as he's finished the NOSFERATU series. The

return of THE HELL-RIDER, well — you never know, you never know! A special HUMAN GARGOYLES cover, by SEGRELLES, is up-and-coming.

Corrupt correspondence from STEPHEN BERENTI of Toledo, Ohio: "I would like to say the covers of NIGHTMARE #15 and #16 were really two great masterpieces of art, and the story of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES is the best. NIGHTMARE, PSYCHO and SCREAM are the best horror magazines around anywhere today. I can't wait to see TOMB OF HORROR. THANK YOU for giving us great horror magazines that can be really enjoyed."

... That is our whole reason for being, Stephen. Thank YOU for your kind words . . .

Comments from D. L. WILLIAMS of Chicago, Illinois: "My favorite story of the issue is I, GARGOYLE because — well, because that's the way people really are. I buy the HORROR-

MOOD magazines because they have the best artists and writers, so why not buy the best. Favorite writers: ROSS ANDRU and AL HEWETSON; Favorite artist: MAELO CINTRON; Favorite cover artist: SEGRELLES; Favorite characters: THE HUMAN GARGOYLES (once again, the Gargoyles are winning hands down/Archaic editorial aside). THE VICTIMS is the best series. MORE text stories. Changes? — DON'T change the magazines — How can you or anyone in this world or in hell or any place who is in his right mind attempt to change the best book out!"

NICE RAP Y'ALL!

R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL

Name _____

Age _____

THE VULTURE-VOTE
SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st, Rm. 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017

yes continue THE BAT, I want to see MORE!

no let THE BAT remain in the asylum!

Comment _____

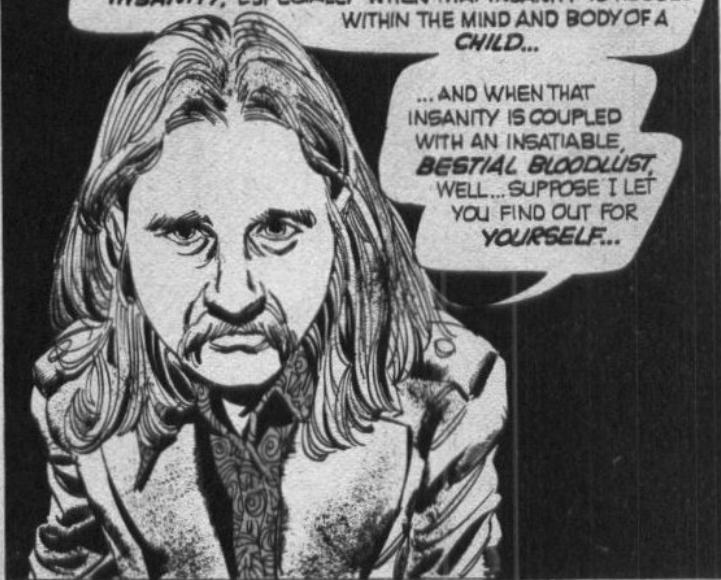
INTRODUCED BY WRITER AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

THERE IS **NOTHING** MORE CHILLINGLY FRIGHTENING THAN **INSANITY**, ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT INSANITY IS HOUSED WITHIN THE MIND AND BODY OF A **CHILD...**

... AND WHEN THAT INSANITY IS COUPLED WITH AN INSATIABLE, **BESTIAL BLOODLUST**, WELL... SUPPOSE I LET YOU FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF...

I NEVER LIKED THEM... THE **PEOPLE** THAT IS. SWAGGERING AROUND AS IF THEY WERE MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY **OTHER** BEING ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET. EVEN WHEN I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD I KNEW THEM FOR WHAT THEY WERE... **GREEDY, SELFISH KILLERS!**

I HATE THEM! THEY THINK THEY'RE SO **GOOD**... BETTER THAN **ME**... BETTER THAN **ANYTHING!**



THE SUN WOULD DISAPPEAR, AND I'D BE LEFT IN **DARKNESS**... BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER. I KNEW WHERE I WAS GOING, AND THE DARKNESS... DID NOT FRIGHTEN ME... NOT AS LONG AS I KNEW THERE WERE NO PEOPLE AROUND...



WRITTEN BY
AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY
CARDONA

... AS LONG AS I KNEW I WAS **ALONE**, AWAY FROM THE **GREEDY, SMIRKING, CRUEL PEOPLE**, I HAD A SORT OF PEACE... AND WHEN I FOUND MY FRIENDS, EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT. EVERYTHING WAS **FINE** THEN. YOU SEE...

WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD-WOLVES!

EVERY CHANCE I GOT I'D **WATCH** THEM. THEY **KNEW** I WAS THERE, BUT THEY NEVER BOthered me. MAYBE THEY KNEW THAT I WAS **ONE** OF THEM, IF ONLY IN SPIRIT.

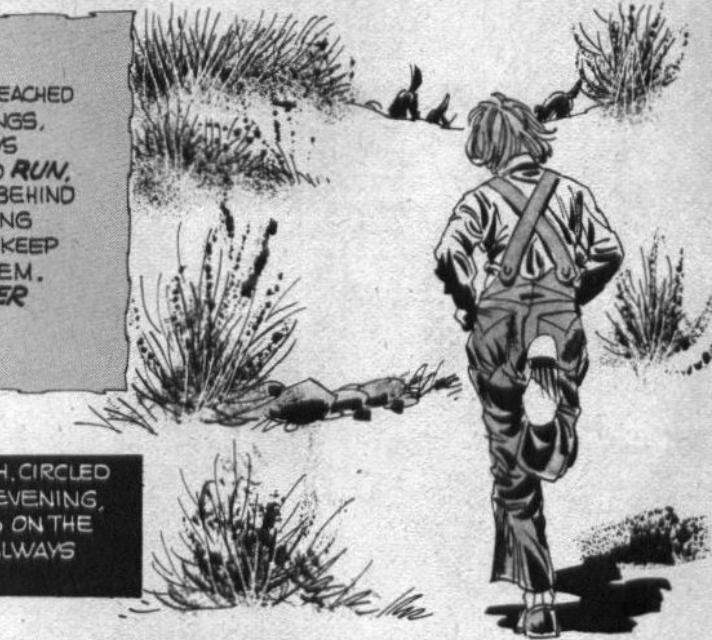
WHEN THEY MOVED OUT FOR THE NIGHT'S **HUNT**, I ALWAYS **FOllOWED**, AND IT WAS AS IF THEY **KNEW** I COULDN'T KEEP UP WITH THEM, BECAUSE THEY MOVED SLOWLY, LETTING ME STAY A FEW YARDS AWAY.



WHEN WE REACHED THE CLEARINGS, THEY ALWAYS STARTED TO **RUN**, AND I RAN BEHIND THEM, TRYING MY BEST TO KEEP UP WITH THEM. BUT I **NEVER** COULD.



I ALWAYS FOUND THEM THOUGH, CIRCLED AROUND THEIR **KILL** FOR THE EVENING, AND **GORGING** THEMSELVES ON THE **BLOODY RED MEAT!** THEY ALWAYS SEEMED SO **HAPPY!**



THEN, LIKE ALL THE OTHER TIMES, ONE OF THE WOLVES WOULD RIP OFF A BIG PIECE OF THE **BLOODY MEAT** AND BRING IT OVER TO **ME!** HE'D STOP RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, THE MEAT DRIPPING **BLOOD** THAT FELL TO THE GROUND.



THEY ALWAYS LOOKED AT ME, AS IF THEY EXPECTED ME TO GO OVER. BUT SOMEHOW, I COULDN'T JOIN THEM. I WANTED TO... BUT I WAS DIFFERENT.



I'D ALWAYS REACH OUT AND PET THE WOLF ON THE HEAD. THEY DIDN'T SCARE ME... THEY WERE MY FRIENDS, AND I KNEW THEY WOULDN'T HURT ME. THE WOLF WOULD DROP THE MEAT BESIDE ME, LICK MY HAND...

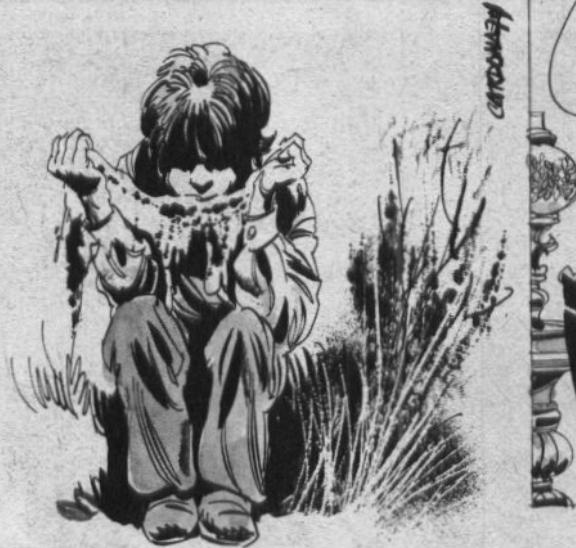


...AND I'D DEVOUR MY SHARE OF THE KILL!!

...AND WALK BACK TO THE KILL, LEAVING THE MEAT FOR ME! THE WOLVES WOULD CONTINUE THEIR FEAST...



THEN I'D GO HOME, SATISFIED WITH THE NIGHT'S PROWLING, AND GLAD THAT I HAD SHARED IT WITH MY BROTHERS. BUT RETURNING HOME WAS NOT SOMETHING I LOOKED FORWARD TO, FOR...



WHERE WERE YOU THIS TIME?
DO YOU REALIZE HOW LATE IT IS?
THERE'S BLOOD ON
YOUR SHIRT.
WHAT HAPPENED?

I D NEVER ANSWER, BUT IT WOULDN'T MATTER...
THEY WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED ME!



FORGET THE BLOOD! HE'S NOT GOING TO TELL US... JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER TIMES. GET TO YOUR ROOM!
MAYBE ANOTHER NIGHT OF GOING HUNGRY WILL DRIVE SOME SENSE INTO YOUR HEAD!

BUT GEORGE...
...THE BLOOD!!!

I SAID FORGET ABOUT IT! YOU KNOW DAMNED WELL HE WON'T TELL US ANYTHING!

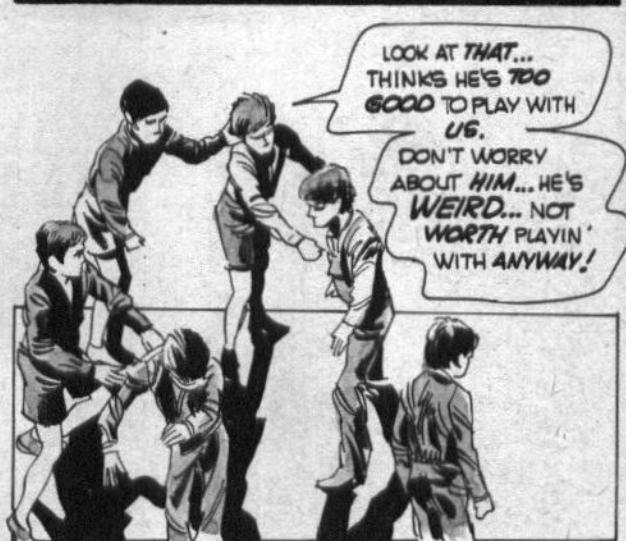


THEY'D NEVER MENTION IT THE NEXT MORNING, BUT IT **DIDN'T MATTER...**
I DIDN'T CARE ANYWAY! MY MIND WAS MILES AWAY, DANCING ACROSS
WIND-SWEPT FIELDS, THE SCENT OF BLOOD IN MY NOSTRILS!



I LISTENED TO THEM, TOOK THEIR **INSULTS**, AND
TRIED TO FORGET THAT I WAS LIKE THEM.
INSTEAD, I WAS SOMETHING **ELSE**... SOMETHING
THE STUPID PEOPLE AROUND ME COULD NEVER
UNDERSTAND.

I PLAYED THE GAMES OF PEOPLE, THE PEOPLE I
HATED SO MUCH! I WENT TO THEIR SCHOOLS,
BUT I KEPT TO MYSELF AS MUCH AS I COULD.



AND AT NIGHT, WHEN THE DAYS WERE **DONE**, I LEFT THE CONFINES
OF THE HUMAN PRISON... AND BECAME ONCE MORE... A **KILLER**!



EVEN WHEN I PASSED MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY I REMAINED
WITH THE **WOLVES**... FOR WERE THEY NOT... MY **FAMILY**?



IT WAS THEN I REALIZED MY HERITAGE... KNEW THAT REVENGE MUST BE MINE! AND IT MUST BE MINE IN THE ONLY WAY I KNEW POSSIBLE.

IT DIDN'T REALLY MATTER WHO DIED... AS LONG AS THEY WERE HUMAN... THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTED... HUMAN DEATHS! I HATED THEM ALL! ALL! ALL!



THEY PROBABLY NEVER KNEW WHY THEY WERE DYING, AND IT REALLY DIDN'T MATTER, THEY WERE HUMAN... AND ONLY THEIR DEATHS COULD APPEASE MY HATRED. ONLY THE SIGHT OF THEIR BLOOD RUNNING RED AND THICK THROUGH THE STREETS COULD CALM ME!



THAT'S HOW THEY FOUND ME... BLOOD DRIPPING FROM MY CHIN, STRIDING THE LENGTH OF TWO VERY DEAD BODIES...



THE TASTE OF HUMAN FLESH AS I CRAMMED IT INTO MY MOUTH MADE ME ONLY MORE SAVAGE... MORE HATEFUL! EVEN AS I SAW THE BLOOD FLOW DOWN THE STREET I FELT NO REMORSE... ONLY SATISFACTION!!!



...AND THEY JUDGED ME TO BE A WEREWOLF!! INSANE, BUT A WEREWOLF NEVERTHELESS!

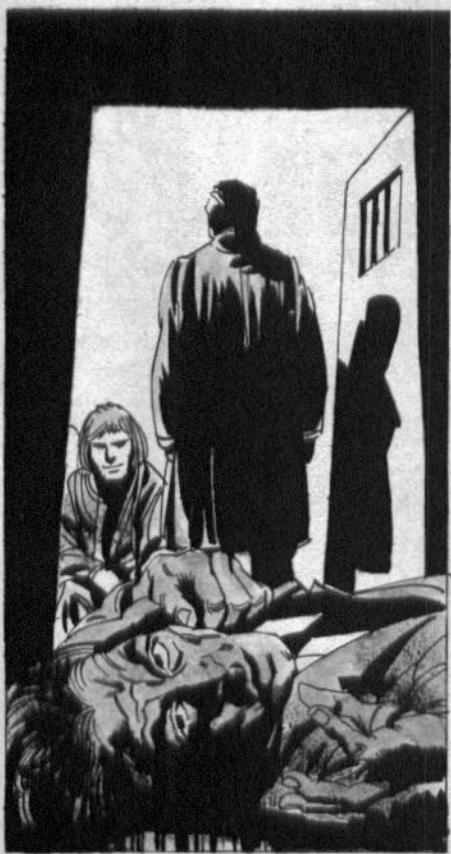




I WATCHED HIM ENTER MY ROOM AND MY HEART SOARED WITH JOY AS HE STOOD BEFORE ME, SMILING.

HE WAS RIGHT... I WASN'T A WEREWOLF...

...BUT HE WAS!



AND A BROTHER NEVER DESERTS A BROTHER!!!



...INTRODUCED BY ARTIST
FERRAN SOSTRES...

...WHAT KIND OF MAN
KILLS WITHOUT MERCY?...
WITHOUT 2ND THOUGHT AS
TO THE CONSEQUENCES?
...WHAT KIND OF THING KILLS
WITHOUT DISCRIMINATION?--
NOT CARING WHO?--NOT
CARING WHEN?--NOT
CARING HOW?--CARING
ONLY THAT IT BE BLOODY
AND WRETCHED--WHAT
KIND OF MAN?

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON

YOU ARE--MY HAND-
PICKED ASSASSINS--
THE PRIVILEGED OF EVEN THE
FEW HERE IN HELL SUITABLE
FOR SUCH A TASK... YOU ARE THE
LEGIONS OF DEATH... YOU
ARE THE BLACK ANGELS OF
DOOM... YOU ARE THE EVIL
DESPOTS OF THE EARTH, WHO
INVOKE MISERY, WHO CARICATURE
HAPPINESS, WHO REVEAL PAIN
AND TORTURE TO BOTH THE
LIVING AND THE DEAD...

YOU ARE MY
SACRILIGIOUS TOOLS
--MY INSTRUMENTS OF
POWER... WITH YOU AS MY
ARMY I AM THE ETERNAL
EVIL MONGER--THE ALMIGHTY
FIEND--THE JOKER OF
INDECENCY--I MAKE GOD THE
MONUMENTAL FRAUD--I MAKE
MYSELF THE INSATIABLE
MONARCH OF ALL EARTH...

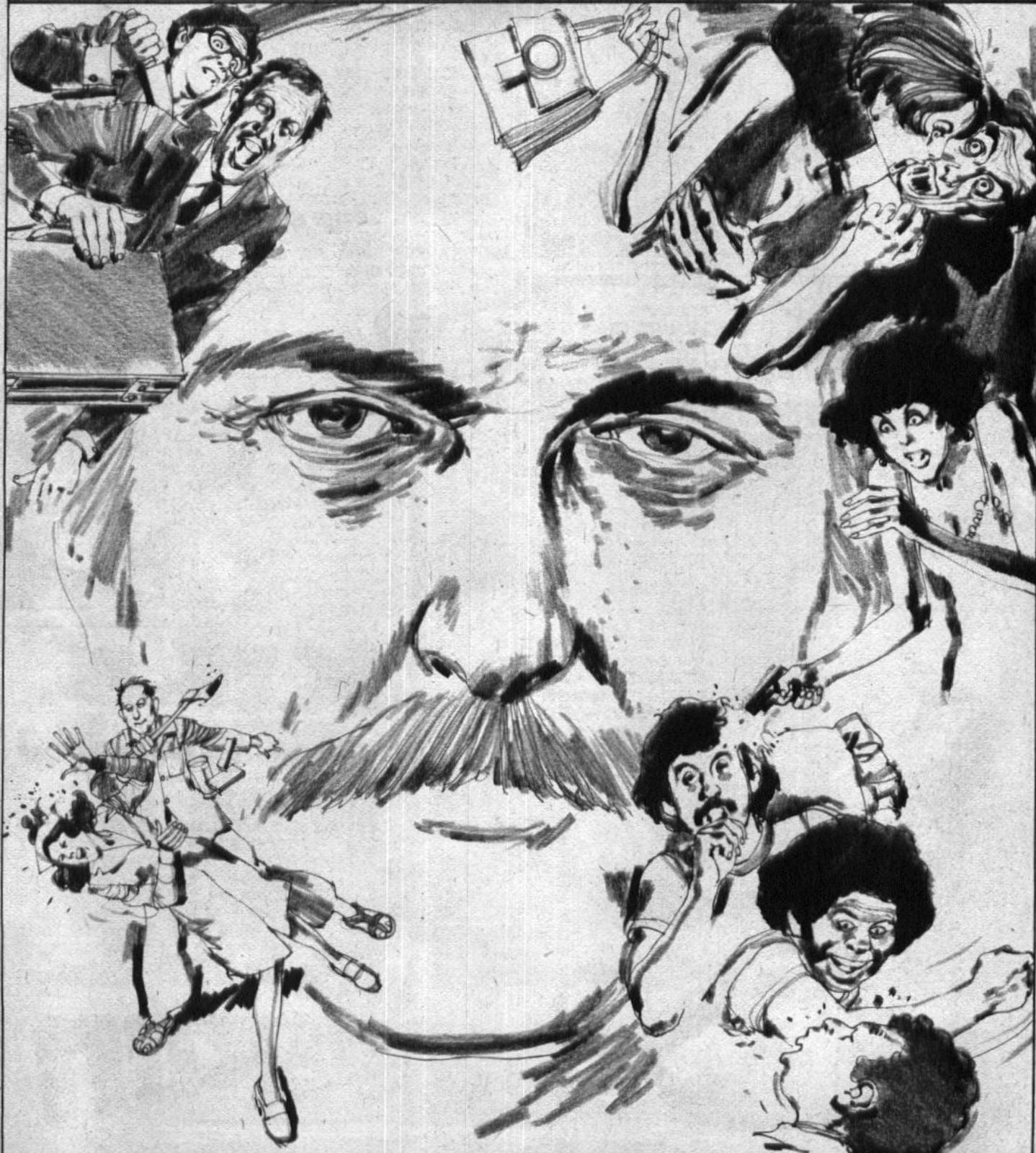
...FOR I--
AM SATANAS
--THE LORD
OF THE DARKNESS...
AND I AM NEVER
SATISFIED--I NEVER
HAVE ENOUGH OF ANYTHING
--OF LIFE AND OF DEATH...
OF PAIN AND OF
ECSTASY...

SO GO LEGIONS--
GO UNTO THE EARTH--
DISGUISED AS MANKIND
AND IN ITS IMAGE... GO
AND KILL--GO
AND MAIM AND
SLAUGHTER...

KILL,
KILL,
KILL,
and
KILL,
again



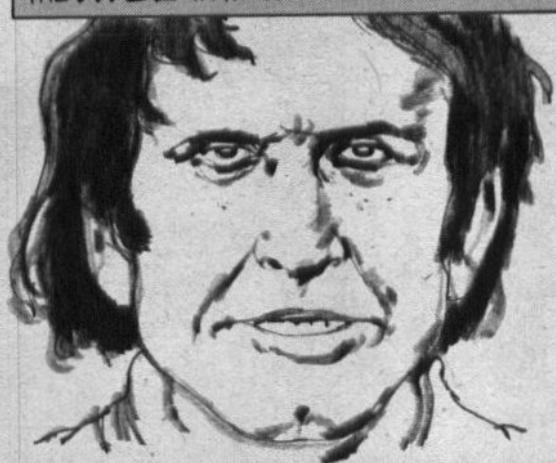
SIMON INGELS IS ONE OF SATAN'S LEGIONS OF DEATH -- HE IS A PAWN, IN THE COMPLETE SENSE OF THE WORD -- A VERY ANGRY MAN -- A VERY BRUTAL MAN -- DETERMINED TO BE BRUTAL AND BLOODY -- DETERMINED TO KILL LIKE A MACHINE WITHOUT A MIND OR A SOUL... INGELS INDEED LOST HIS SOUL TO SATAN A-TIME-BACK -- BUT HE IS STILL POSSESSED OF A MIND -- AND NOT A MAD MIND -- MERELY AN ANGRY MIND... BENT ON BRUTALITY -- BENT ON FEROIOUS SUDDEN DEATH -- BENT ON SPILLING THE BLOOD OF HIS VICTIMS IN BUCKETS -- AND ENJOYING AND SAVOURING THE SWEET SENSE OF SOUR SATISFACTION THAT COMES AS THE LOVED ONES OF THE FRESHLY-DEAD WEEP THEIR HEARTS OUT UPON THE BELOVED, AWFUL REMAINS... SENSE AND SENSITIVITY... LIFE AND RELATIVITY... DEATH AND NOTHINGNESS... ONLY THE WRETCHED DIE YOUNG AND ONLY THE LONELY LIVE TO BE THE WISE --



SIMON INGELS IS THE **DARK ANGEL**--THE UNHOLY GHOST--WHO CALLS UPON HIS VICTIMS IN A MOST UNUSUAL WAY--HE ENTERS THEM--

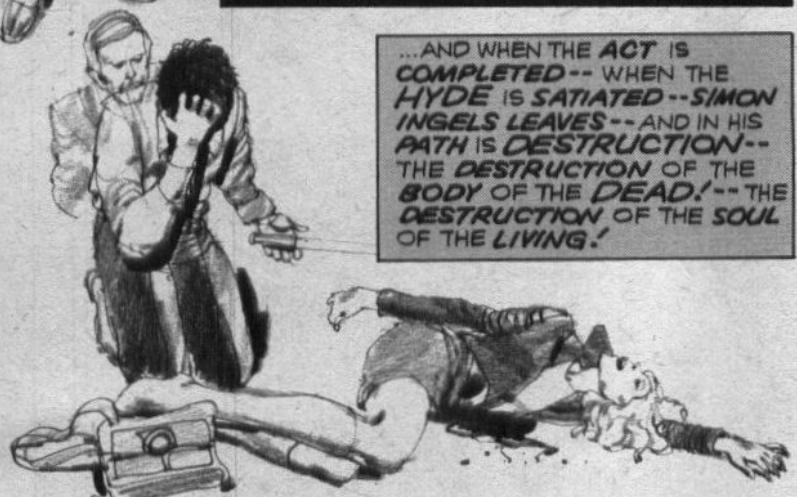


--AS THE UNEXPLAINED ARCHANGEL OF DEATH HE CREEPS INTO HIS VICTIMS' MINDS--CRAWLS INTO THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS AND MOTIVATES AND ACTIVATES THE UNQUESTIONING SUBCONSCIOUS UNDERNEATH--HE IS THE HYDE IN MAN--



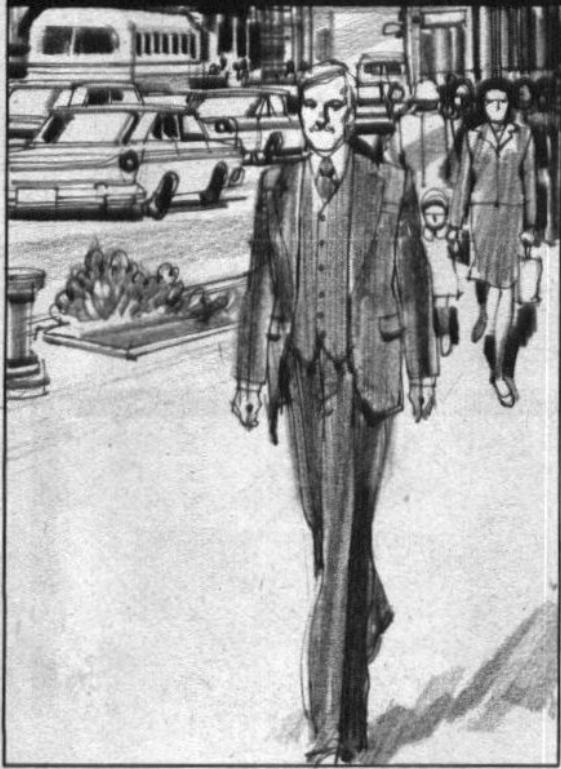
...THE MAN WITHIN EVERY MAN--THE SELF-INDULGENT MAN--THE BOHEMIAN, SUB-CULTURAL, ANARCHIST--

WHY DIDN'T YOU WASH THE DISHES? WHY DIDN'T YOU CLEAN UP AROUND HERE?...YOU KNOW DAMN WELL MY MOTHER IS COMING OVER TONIGHT--DON'T YOU CARE? DON'T YOU THINK? DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP ME AROUND THE HOUSE?

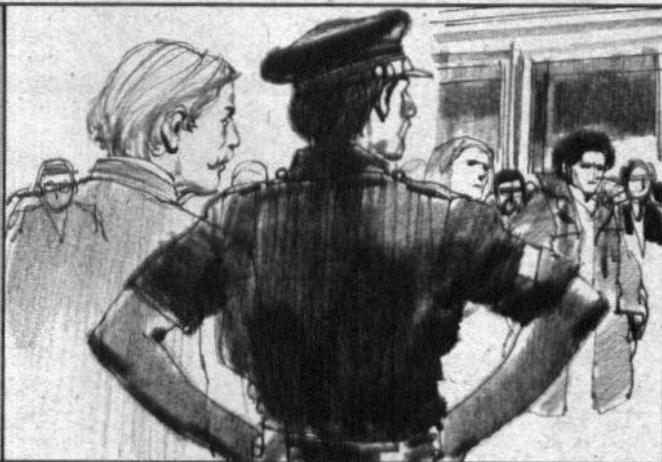


...AND WHEN THE ACT IS COMPLETED--WHEN THE HYDE IS SATIATED--SIMON INGELS LEAVES--AND IN HIS PATH IS DESTRUCTION--THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BODY OF THE DEAD!--THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SOUL OF THE LIVING!

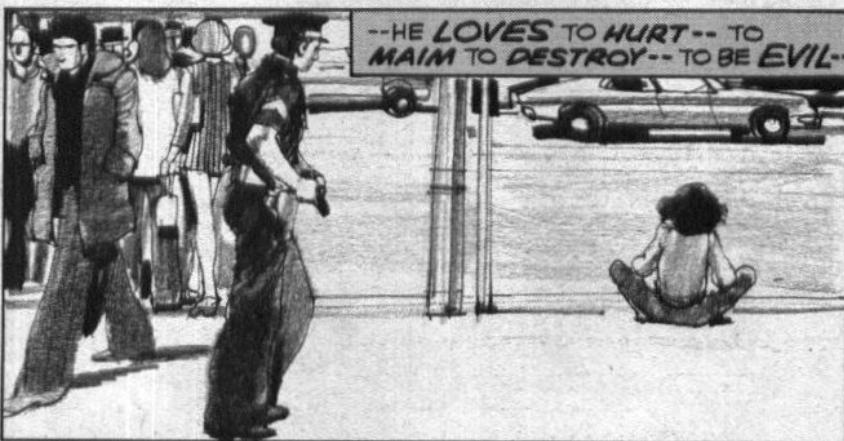
--THE LEGION OF SATAN'S HYDES IS A SMALL LEGION-- SIMON INGELS IS ONE OF A VERY SELECT FEW-- A MAN OF RARE TALENTS-- RARE EXPERIENCE-- RARE ABILITIES-- A MAN WITH SPECIAL TRAINING-- ONE IN A MILLION, MMH!, MORE LIKE ONE IN A BILLION!!



--SIMON INGELS LOVES HIS WORK-- HE LOVES TO KILL--



--HE LOVES TO HURT-- TO MAIM TO DESTROY-- TO BE EVIL--



--AND MOST OF ALL TO BE IRRATIONAL-- HE LOVES TO BE BOHEMIAN-- HE CHERISHES THE CONCEPT OF HIS BEING A MR. HYDE -- SELF-INDULGENT-- INTELLIGENT-- GREEDY-- BELIGERENT-- AND THOROUGHLY, WONDERFULLY, COMPLETELY DECADENT...



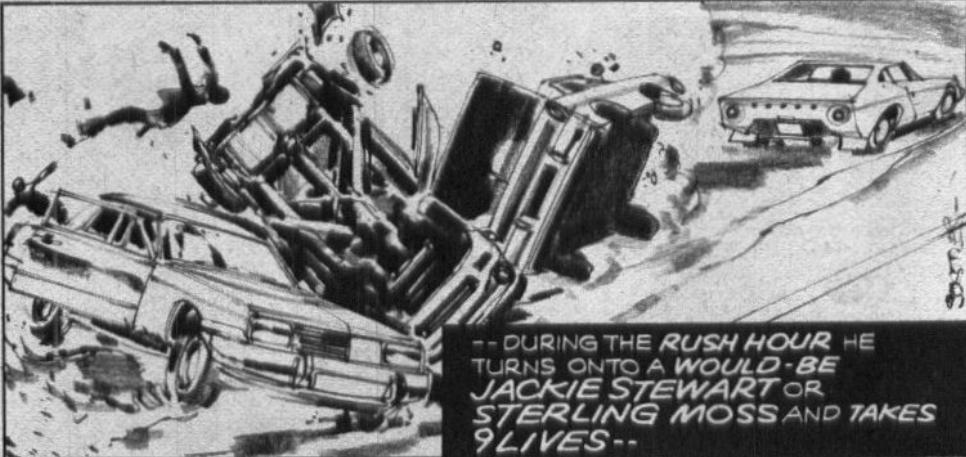
SIMON INGELS' PRESENT HABITS ARE SOMEWHAT A **RIDDLE** -- WHAT MOST MEN DO IN LIFE OR IN DEATH, IS EASILY EXPLAINED -- BUT INGEL'S RAMPAGE OF DEATH AND HORROR IS NOT THE MOST OBVIOUS OF EMPLOYMENTS -- HE ENTERS MANY MEN AND DOES MANY EVILS IN A DAY'S WORK -- IN THE EARLY MORNING HE IS A MILKMAN AND ENTERS A HAPPY HOME --



--IN THE FORENOON HE IS A MILD MANNERED BANK CLERK TEMPTED BY OTHER PEOPLE'S GOLD--



--IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON HE IS A COP, TURNING HIS BACK FOR A MOMENT THAT'LL TURN INTO A LIFETIME--

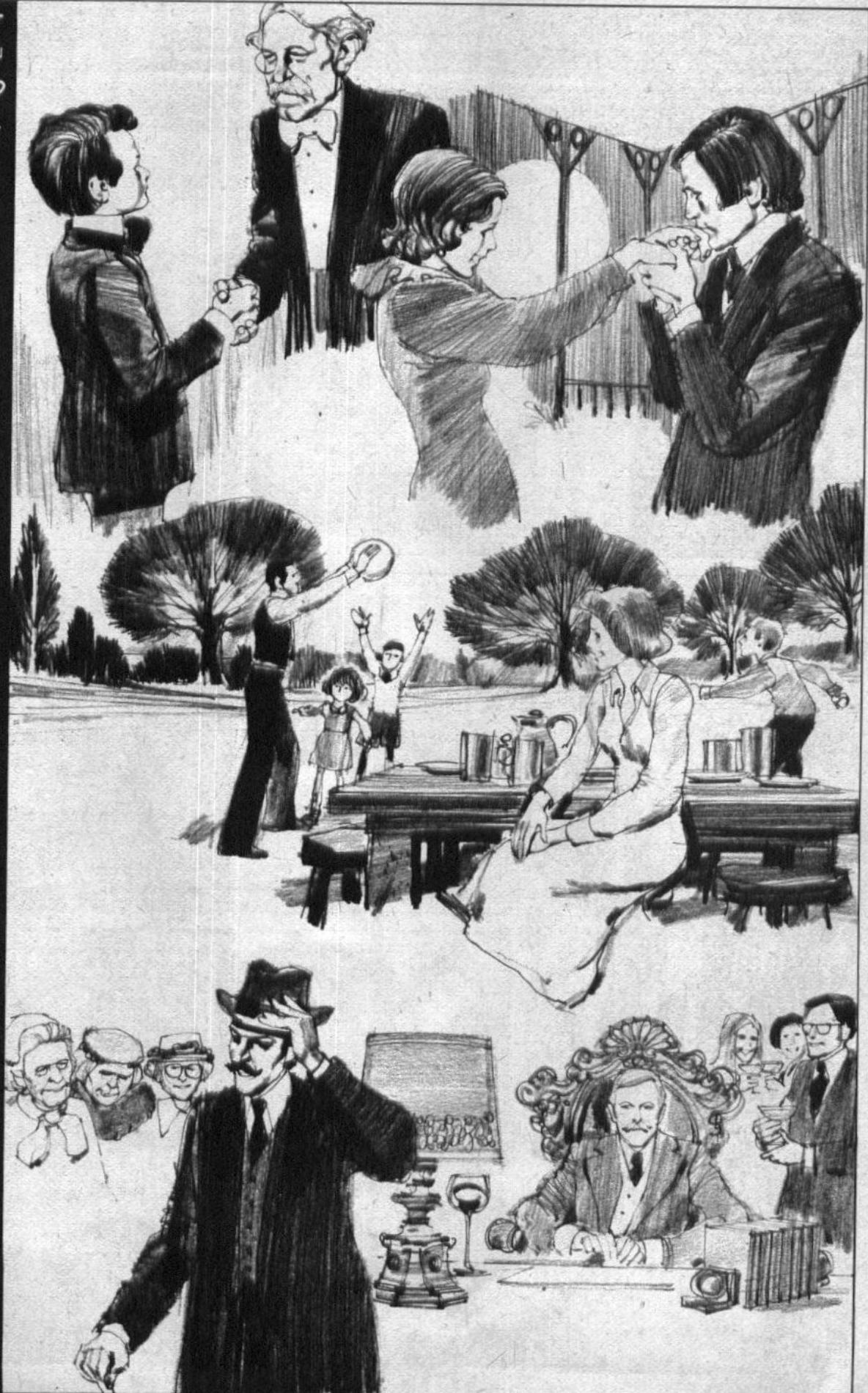


-- DURING THE RUSH HOUR HE TURNS ONTO A WOULD-BE JACKIE STEWART OR STERLING MOSS AND TAKES 9 LIVES--



--AND COME THE NIGHT-- HE BECOMES THE INSATIABLE GHOUL--

--SIMON INGELS--
A MAN OF MANY
TALENTS-- A MAN
OF GREAT
BACKGROUND
AND IMMENSE
EXPERIENCE--
TRAINED WELL--
EMOTIONALLY HE
IS PERFECTLY
SUITABLE TO BE
THE SATANIC
MR. HYDE--
FOR 65 YEARS,
SIMON
INGELS
'LIVED'-- AND
DURING THIS
LIFETIME, HE
LIVED A STORY
BOOK EXISTENCE
--LAW-BIDING--
OBEDIENT--
UNSELFISH--
TAX-PAYER--
MODEL HUSBAND--
INDULGENT--
TOLERANT--
PERFECT FATHER--
EXCEPTIONAL
GRANDFATHER--
CHURCH GOER--
DIDN'T DRINK--
SMOKE-SWEAR--
NEVER TOLD A LIE--
NEVER CHEATED--
NEVER EXERCISED
DECEIT--
NEVER
EMBEZZLED A
PAPER-CLIP--
NEVER SPOKE
EVIL BEHIND
ANYONE'S BACK
(OR EVEN TO
THEIR FACE)--
PERFECT STUDENT--
MODEL WORKER--



SIMON INGELS WAS,
DURING HIS
LIFETIME, ONE OF
THE VERY, VERY,
VERY FEW
PEOPLE IN
THIS WORLD WHO
HAS ONLY ONE
DEFECT-- HE
WAS PERFECT--
AND THEREFORE,
SOMWHAT
IMPERFECT...

--NOW-- IN DEATH-- HE IS A MANIAC-- LETTING THE VENGEANCE DRIP OUT OF HIM-- ACTING OUT ALL THE VICES HE NEVER LIVED HIMSELF... THERE IS A JOKE THAT SATAN TELLS ABOUT SIMON INGELS -- (AND WHETHER IT IS BASED ON TRUTH OR NOT IS NOT FOR US TO SAY) THE JOKE IS THAT WHEN SIMON INGELS DIED, HE WENT UP TO HEAVEN TO KNOCK ON THE PEARLY GATES -- AND ST. PETER SAID TO HIM: GET THEE HENCE INHUMAN, ONLY THE FALLIBLE, ONLY THE IMPERFECT ARE ACCEPTED HERE! GET THEE HENCE TO HELL! IT'S A CRUEL JOKE. SATAN TELLS, FOR IT IMPLIES THAT IN HIS LIFETIME SIMON INGELS (WHO NEVER SUCCLIMBED TO TEMPTATION) HAD NEVER EVEN BEEN TEMPTED!



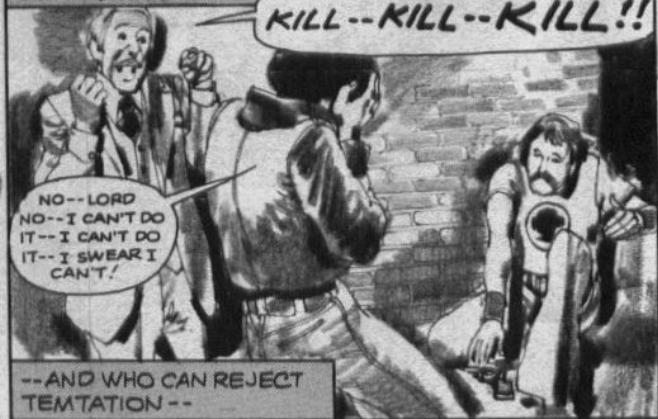
SIMON INGELS IS NOW DEAD -- AND YET ISN'T HUMAN --



--FOR ALL HIS DEBAUCHERIES, FOR ALL HIS EVIL ACTS-- HE IS NOT YET HUMAN-- FOR HE PURSUDES EVIL WITH THE SAME INDISCRIMINATE MINDLESSNESS WHICH HE EMPLOYED TO PURSUE VIRTUE--



--DESPITE HIS ABILITY TO THINK-- TO REASON-- TO FOLLOW A LOGICAL OR ILLLOGICAL COURSE OF ACTION, SIMON INGELS IS A MINDLESS MAN -- A MAN WITH A FREAK BRAIN THAT SATAN USES TO INFILTRATE THOSE YET ALIVE WHO CAN BE TEMPTED--



--SIMON INGELS CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE REJECTION OF TEMPTATION -- HE'S NEVER BEEN TEMPTED-- NEVER REJECTED TEMPTATION -- THOUGH MR. HYDE'S PERCENTAGE OF FAILURES IS SMALL, IT IS DISTINCT ENOUGH TO BE PROFOUND-- THE PROFOUND ENTER HEAVEN-- THE MINIONS-- BURST THE FOODGATES OF HELL!



I don't know why I did it — I don't know what possessed me! Oh God! I must have been mad. I must have been desperate, desperate. I said to myself, even while I was doing it, "stop this, don't go on, you don't know what it is you do." How can one worry about a soul, about its sale-price, when one does not even know what a soul IS. I was young. I was successful, I was free — I had everything — that was my problem, I had everything and I was losing my youth, and I felt — I wrongly, oh how stupidly, I believed — youth to be man's most precious asset. I was coming to feel that everything around me was moving faster than I was. At least, so it seemed, so I thought. I was wrong about everything, if only I knew that then. It is too late now; It is far too late now, for anything —

written by ALAN HEWETSON illustrated by GENE DAY



I made a deal with Satan: I gave him my soul — he gave me eternal life. Not so unusual? — You've heard of deals like this before? — Well, perhaps you haven't, for in my case — I GAVE LORD LUCIFER MY SOUL BEFORE I DIED!

I live, I breathe and walk and talk, but I'm dead— I'm a walking dead man.

One night, very late, I was sitting in a restaurant. It was a restaurant for young people, and everyone was laughing and dancing and carrying on together. I sat alone, all alone — with all my success, my wealth, my good looks, with all of my everything I sat alone. I was out of date, I thought. I know now I was wrong, I know now the only problem was I was in the wrong restaurant — I was with the wrong crowd. I grew so depressed — I stood up and walked out, alone, into the night, down by the waterfront where I could be even more alone. I cursed and I glared into the black water beneath me. I said, "I am dead, old and dead." I wasn't, but I said that then.

I felt no longer alone; Someone stood beside me, looking at me so intently I thought he was some madman. He was tall — maybe he wasn't; I don't know anything anymore. I can't remember my own name — everything is gone now. He said to me: "Why don't you give me your soul, and I'll give you something in return." I said, "what — what? — Then I came to believe he was a maniac and I walked away from him. He caught up with me and turned me around to look at him. "Look at me — look into my eyes — look and see who I am." I looked into his eyes — oh God. oh horrors — he frightened me, what a monster — I knew who he was in an instant. I didn't have to question myself or mess myself up with second thoughts — no, I knew who he was, and I knew he was serious.

"You want my soul?" I said, "What will you give me for it?" He said: "The very thing you want." "You know then?" I said. "Oh yes, I know. You want your youth." I played the game with him — strip poker: he dealt; I picked up the cards; Then he stripped me. I became naked — he tore my soul from me — ripped it out of me. He went away, leaving me young for all eternity, but without a soul.

So you say, "so what?" That's what I said, "So what" I didn't know what a soul was — I didn't feel like I'd lost anything terribly important. I didn't feel anything. I didn't feel sorry or happy or sad or any real, particular emotion. One would think that knowing I was going to be young again, and furthermore, that I'd be exuberant. Excited. You say: "It's the old story, he'll be happy awhile and then — then he'll grow apathetic. But — but he'll be excited at first!" No. I wasn't happy or excited or ANYTHING. I tell you.

I'd lost that innate, strange, human capacity for excitement. I'd lost that peculiar human thing known as emotion. I have no emotions now at all. I don't even want to die; I don't care to live. The only thing I feel is a small bit of self-disgust. I feel very stupid. I gave away my human soul, my spirit — where is man without spirit? I sit here now writing my theory for you — this definition of the human soul. A man without a soul is a living dead thing, and I — I am the living and dead



**MY
SOUL
is in
HELL**

VAMPIRE VS. WEREWOLF



...THIS IS THE SKELETON OF A WEREWOLF

...SUPPLEMENTARY TO YOUR STUDIES OF THE OCCULT, YOU STUDENTS MUST LEARN ABOUT THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL EUROPE-- MANY OF WHICH, AS EVIDENCED BY THIS HALF-HUMAN HUSK, ARE MYTHS WITH A HINT OF TRUTH...

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S THE SKELETON OF A WEREWOLF, PROFESSOR CUSHMAN?

YES--AND WHY IS HE DRESSED IN THAT COAT AND CAP?

OH -- SOME STUDENTS PUT THE COAT AND CAP ON HIM -- SOME KIND OF JOKE - OR - OTHER I NEVER UNDERSTOOD -- IT'S NOT IMPORTANT -- BUT YOUR QUESTION IS VERY IMPORTANT -- HOW DO I KNOW THIS WAS A WEREWOLF? WELL THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE TODAY -- SO THAT I CAN TELL YOU THE WHOLE GORY STORY THAT I WITNESSED MYSELF...

THE WAR OF THE HELL-DAMNED!

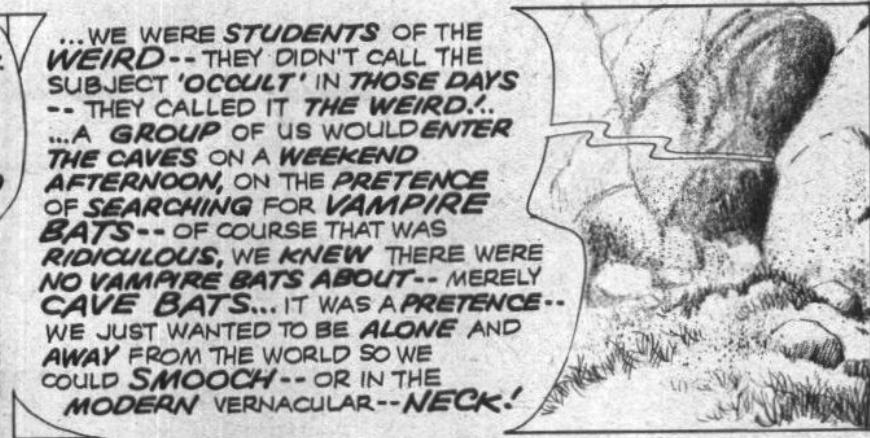


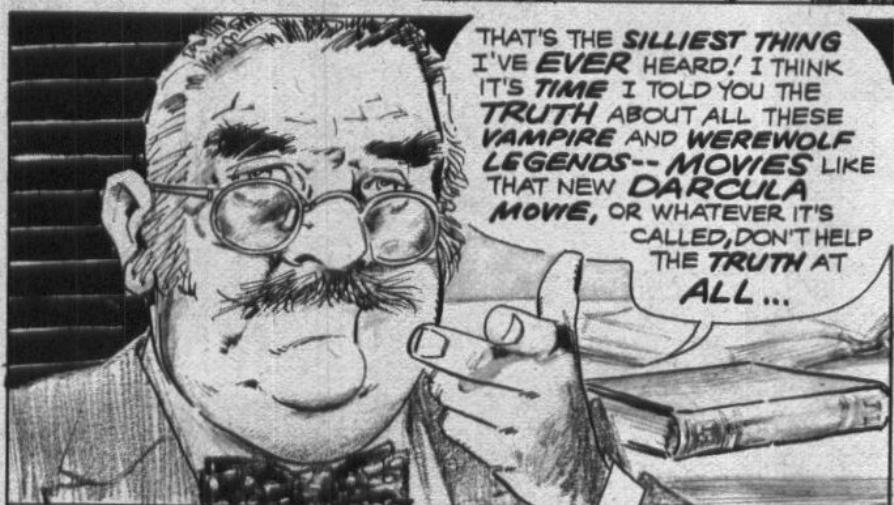
...DOESN'T IT STRIKE YOU AS A BIT ODD, DEAR READER, THAT FOR ALL OUR OBSESSONS ABOUT VAMPIRISM AND LYCANTHROPY, THERE ARE NO LEGITIMATE STUDIES BEING CONDUCTED IN OUR UNIVERSITIES?...

...WELL, THAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND OUR TALE -- A LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE MAVERICK PROFESSOR INTRODUCES A FRAGMENT OF HORRIBLE REALITY INTO HIS TEACHINGS, AS HE TELLS HIS STUDENTS OF AN EXPERIENCE HE WITNESSED DURING HIS YOUTH...



Jesus Duran







"...THE MYTHS ABOUT HUMAN VAMPIRES ALL STARTED BECAUSE OF A VERY SIMPLE NATURAL PHENOMENA -- IN CENTURIES PAST, WITH MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE BEING VERY LIMITED, OFTEN PERSONS WHO SLIPPED INTO A COMA, OR WHO SUFFERED FROM CATALEPSY, WERE BURIED ALIVE -- WHEN THE POOR INDIVIDUAL WHO WAS PREMATURELY BURIED WOKE UP AFTER A FEW DAYS, HE'D OF COURSE BURST OUT OF HIS COFFIN -- THOSE WERE SUPERSTITIOUS TIMES, AND EVERYBODY WHO SAW THE DEAD MAN RISE OUT OF HIS GRAVE FIGURED HE WAS BROUGHT TO LIFE BY SATAN -- AND SO STARTED THE MYTHS ABOUT VAMPIRES..."



"...THERE IS ONLY ONE KIND OF VAMPIRE -- VAMPIRE BATS -- THEY LIVE IN VARIOUS AREAS OF CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA -- AND THEY DON'T KILL. THE ONLY PROBLEM WITH VAMPIRE BATS IS THAT THEY CARRY RABIES AND CAN FILL YOUR BLOOD STREAM WITH THEIR DISEASE."

WELL -- WHAT ABOUT WEREWOLVES PROFESSOR?



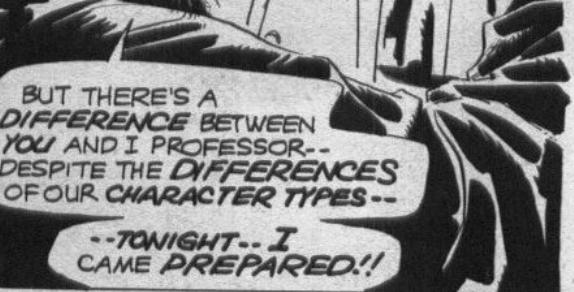
YOU MEAN LYCANTHROPIES, DON'T YOU?... BECAUSE YOU KNOW THE WEREWOLF MYTH IS ONLY A SMALL PART OF THE WHOLE LYCANTHROPY MYTH...

"...LYCANTHROPY IS A FORM OF INSANITY -- NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS -- IN WHICH THE SUFFERER BELIEVES HE IS AN ANIMAL AND BEHAVES ACCORDINGLY -- CERTAIN DERANGED PEOPLE HAVE BELIEVED THEMSELVES TO BE CARNIVOROUS ANIMALS SUCH AS BEARS -- TIGERS -- LEOPARDS AND JAGUARS... SOME BELIEVE THEMSELVES TO BE WOLVES, AND BEFORE THEY ATTACK THEIR VICTIM THEY DON A WOLF'S FUR... SIMPLE INSANITY -- THAT'S ALL IT IS..."

















BENEATH THE SOFTLY SWAYING TREES, A
VOW OF UNDYING LOVE WAS ONCE
PROCLAIMED-- DEATH COULD NEVER
STAKE HIS CLAIM TO THAT PASSIONATE
SOUL WHO WALKED THOSE MUDDY
BANKS ON MOON-LIT NIGHTS
...THE VICTIM OF...

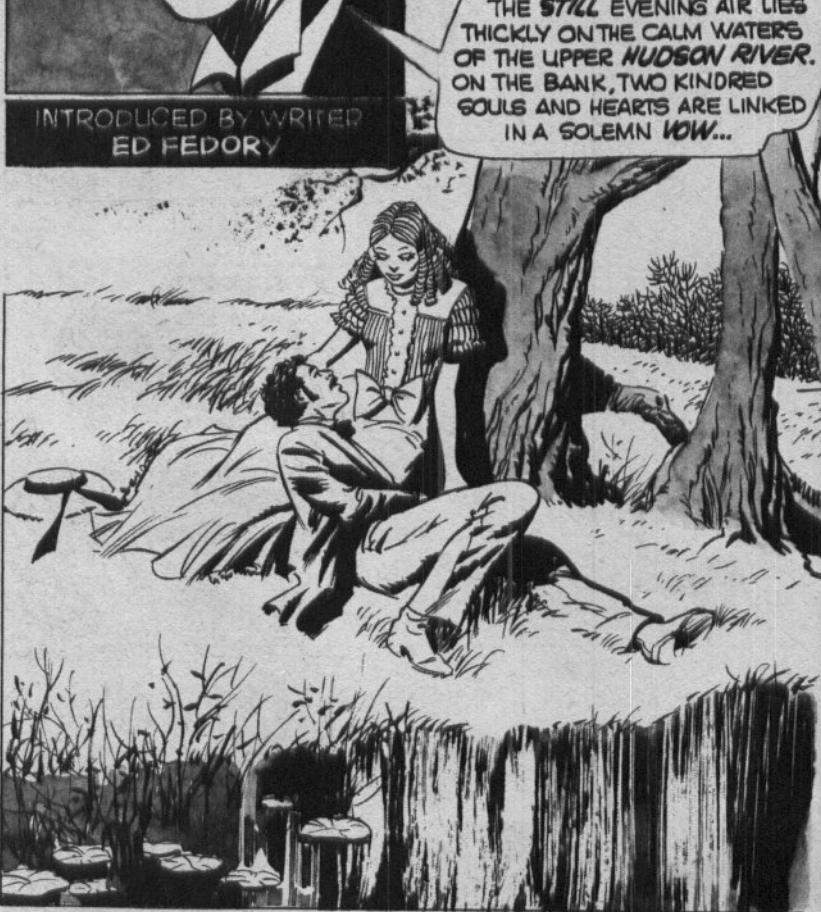
INTRODUCED BY WRITER
ED FEDORY

THE STILL EVENING AIR LIES
THICKLY ON THE CALM WATERS
OF THE UPPER HUDSON RIVER.
ON THE BANK, TWO KINDRED
SOULS AND HEARTS ARE LINKED
IN A SOLEMN VOW...

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN AGAS

FATHER HAS
FOUND OUT THAT
WE HAVE DISOBeyed
HIS ORDERS!...
...HE KNOWS THAT WE
HAVE BEEN MEETING AGAIN!

IT WAS WRITTEN IN OUR
FATES THAT ONE DAY HE
SHOULD KNOW!
HIS DISLIKE FOR THE ONE YOU
ARE GOING TO MARRY SHALL
NEVER TARNISH THIS LOVE
WE SHARE!



AS THE TWO LOVERS SEAL THEIR VOW, AN OATH OF DAMNATION
IS HURLED TO THE HEAVENS!

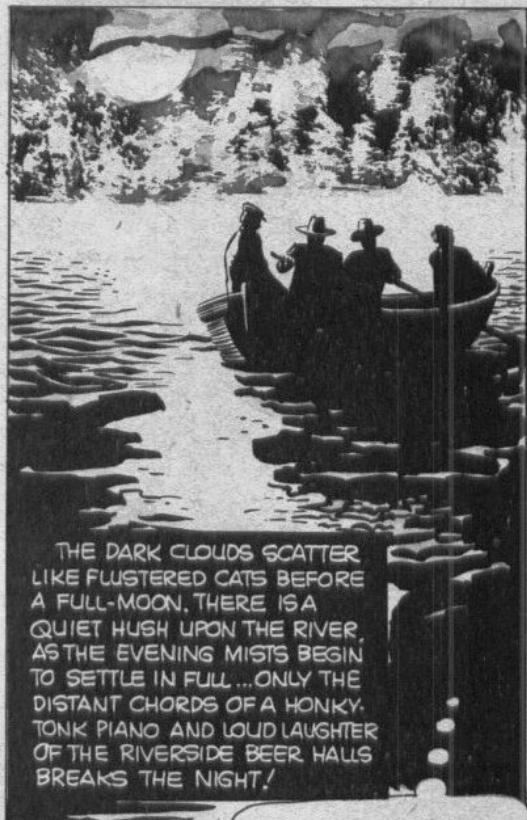




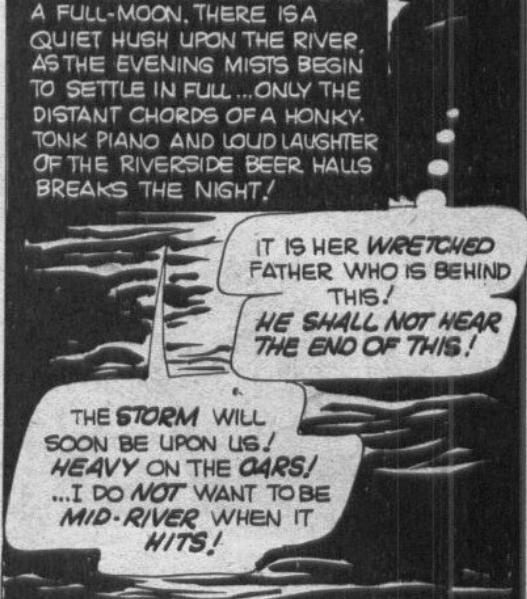


LIKE SOME HELLISH SHADOWS GIVEN LIFE, THEY FALL UPON THEIR HUMAN PREY... BINDING HIS FRAME WITH MASSIVE-LINKED CHAINS... THEY LINGER ABOUT HIS BODY LIKE GROTESQUE PARASITES WHO FEED UPON THE DEPTHS OF ANOTHER'S EMOTIONS!

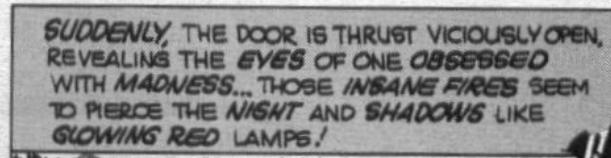
GO SOFTLY, LADDIE! ...
OR THIS BRACE OF STEEL...
...SHALL SILENCE YOU FOREVER!



THE STARK FRAME OF THE DESERTED BRICKWORKS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIVER POKEBITS HOARY HEAD ABOVE THE TREES. IT HAS BEEN ABANDONED FOR YEARS, AND A DESTINATION SUCH AS THIS BEARS NO GRAND TIDINGS!



BUT, ALTHOUGH HE TRIED TO *ESCAPE*, HE COULD NOT! WITHIN THE SPAN OF SCANT MINUTES, HE FOUND HIS BINDING CHAINS LINKED TO AN *ANCIENT* IRON RING, SET INTO THE *lichenous* STONE WALL!



WITH A **BLUR OF MOTION**, THE HEAVY IRON CHAIN SWINGS VIOLENTLY THROUGH THE AIR LIKE SOME FERROUS ANGEL OF DEATH!

WITH THE LINKS SEVERED, THE BINDING TOOL TRANSFORMS INTO A WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION!





WITHIN THE FOLDS OF NIGHTED MISTS HE WANDERS THROUGH THE GREEN SLIMES OF THE MARSHES... DOOMED TO TRED IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS OATH!

AS WAS DEEDED, THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE LOWELL CURSE WAS SILAS. HE LYA ACROSS HIS CHIPPENDALE DESK... EYES AWANDER... HIS HEAD RESTING IN A POOL OF RIVER SLIME THAT NONE COULD EXPLAIN!

THE SILENT FIGURE OFTEN HEAVES ITS BULKY, MIASMIC CHEST IN A DEEP SIGH... AND A STRAINING EAR IN THE DEPTH OF NIGHT MIGHT CHANCE UPON THE WHEEZING, GROTESQUE TRUTH...

I AM REVENGE!



PATIENCE LOWELL, DEPRIVED OF HER ONLY LOVE, FELL BENEATH HER OWN SILENT CURSE... SOFTLY, ONE NIGHT, SHE STOLE INTO THE MARSHES AND PUT AN END TO HER SORROWS... HER LAMENT TO A LOVER LOST!



STRANGE THEY THOUGHT, HOW THE FRESH FLOWERS RESTED SO SOLEMNLY AT HER BREAST WHEN THEY FOUND HER BODY ON THE RIVER BANK!

... AND SO THE CURSE ON THE HEADS OF THE LOWELLS WAS CARRIED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION... ALWAYS PRESENT... ALWAYS A HIDDEN FEAR... ALWAYS LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...

READY TO STRIKE AND SLAY!



THE YEARS RACE BY, WHILE THE CURSE UPON THE HEADS OF THE LOWELL MALES CONTINUES... ALL HAVE DIED BEFORE THEIR THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY!! IT IS A NIGHT OF MANY CARES FOR NED LOWELL... **...TOMORROW IS HIS 30TH BIRTHDAY!**

GOOD-NIGHT, DADDY.

TOMORROW'S DADDY'S BIRTHDAY...
...IT'LL BE A SPECIAL DAY FOR HIM!

A FAIRY TALE?

HHAAAHHHHHHH!
IT WAS NO FAIRY TALE THAT SLEW MY FATHER!!...
...OR HIS BEFORE HIM!

I SENSE, THAT TONIGHT...
...IT WILL COME!

IT'S FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH US!

DON'T BE FOOLISH, DEAR... IT'S JUST A FAIRY TALE!

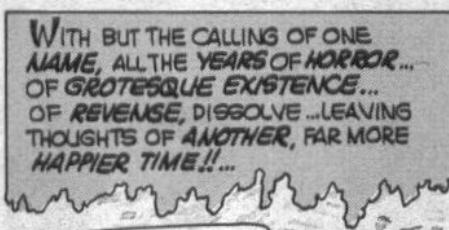


DADDY!
...CAN I HAVE A GLASS OF WATER?...
...I'M THIRSTY!

SURE, HONEY!

FOLLOWED BY A TRAIL OF GREEN RIVER SLIME... IT STALKS FROM ITS SWAMPY WOMB!





SOMEWHERE...OUT IN THE WINDS...
SHE WAITS... RESTING IN DEATH...
AWAITING THE RAINS...



...BEFORE SOME WHITE-TOOTHED HERALD OF A LONG DEAD ERA, HE STOPS... EVERY FIBER OF HIS DRIPPING FRAME IN HELLISH TURMOIL, BETWEEN THE DUTY TO HIS DAMNING OATH, AND THE REST WITH HIS BELOVED THAT IS SO LONG OVERDUE!



A MIDST THE SMOULDERING FRAGMENTS OF A LIVING CURSE, THERE LURKS A SLEEPING PEACE-- WHERE ONCE SLIMY MUSCLES TRUSSLED THE CHALK-WHITE SKELETON, NOW ONLY THE GROUND OFFERS SOLACE TO THE OozING, BUBBLING PUDDLES...







...MANY COMICOLOGISTS FIGURE THIS MEDIUM, THAT IS- THE ILLUSTRATED STORY MEDIUM- BEGAN AS FAR BACK AS OLD EGYPT WITH PICTORIAL HIEROGLYPHICS... AND IF THAT'S TRUE, THIS SAGA OF THE MUMMY KHAFRE CAN HAVE NO BETTER FORUM THAN THE HORROR-MOOD ILLUSTRATED PULPS... THIS SERIES, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL BE AN ILLUSTRATED HORROR NOVEL IN THE GRAND TRADITION OF THE SUSPENSE AND ADVENTURE NOVELS OF YESTERYEAR... READ ON, AND ENJOY, AS WE START OUR TALE...

THE MUMMY KHAFRE

INTRODUCED BY ALAN HEWETSON

...AT TANIS, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PERIOD OF THE DECLINE, IN 1015 B.C. IN THE ELEVENTH DYNASTY, THE WIFE OF NEFERCHERES SUCCUMBED TO THE MADNESS DISEASE, AND AFTER BRUTALLY MISTREATING HER SUBJECTS, KILLING HER ILLICIT LOVER, AND DESTROYING THE MORAL REPUTATION OF HER MUCH RESPECTED HUSBAND, WAS PUT TO DEATH BY THE AHMOSE PRIESTS OF THE SUN...

...THOUGH SHE LAY IN STATE TWO DAYS SHE RECEIVED NO VISITORS - NO LAST FAREWELLS... SAVE ONE CALLER--THE PHARAOH NEFERCHERES...



WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY
CESAR LOPEZ

THE FUNERAL

...CHAPTER ONE...



...KHAFRE'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO THE EMBALMER'S WORKSHOP TO BE PREPARED FOR THE TOMB...



...AN INCISION WAS MADE IN THE LOWER CHEST, AND THE BODY WAS DRAINED, AND ALLOWED TO SOAK IN DRY NATRON AND AROMATIC RESIN FOR 70 DAYS...



...IT WAS THEN LAID FLAT UPON A STONE BENCH, HANDS FOLDED ON CHEST, AND BANDAGED...



...UPON THIS FIRST LAYER OF WRAPPINGS AN AMOUNT OF RESIN WAS SPREAD, AND THE FUNERARY JEWELLERY WAS ADJOINED TO THE SPIRIT OF THE DECEASED BY ATTACHMENT TO THE BANDAGES...



...THE MUMMY WAS THEN PADDED BY THEM AND WRAPPED AGAIN... PLACED WITHIN HER FIRST COFFIN-- THEN GILDED AND PAINTED WITH HIEROGLYPHIC SCENES... WHICH WAS IN TURN COVERED BY A SEPARATE COFFINS, EACH LARGER THAN THE OTHER AND MADE OF DIFFERENT MATERIALS... THE LAST OF WOOD...



...THE INTERNAL ORGANS, LIVER, LUNGS, INTESTINES AND STOMACH, WERE PICKLED, EACH-ON-THEIR OWN, AND ENCLOSED IN FOUR CANOPIC JARS, EACH WITH THE STOPPER-HEAD OF THE TUTELARY DIETIES (THE FOUR SONS OF HERUS), AND WERE BOXED IN A CHEST...



...THE MOURNERS ESCORTED THE MUMMY ON A BIER DRAWN BY OXEN-- AND THE FUNERAL CORTAGE PROCEEDED TO THE TOMB, WHERE THE PRIESTS PERFORMED THEIR CEREMONIES...



...AND AT THE FINISH, USING SPECIAL RITUAL IMPLEMENTS DESIGNED TO OPEN THE MOUTH OF THE MUMMY SO THAT THE POWER OF SPEECH WOULD NOT BE DEPRIVED AFTER DEATH, THE PRIESTS ENTOMBED THE MUMMY IN AN ANTECHAMBER OF THE PELUSIUM PYRAMID... ALONG WITH HER BOX OF FOUR DOZEN MUMMIIFORM FIGURES OF POTTERY (USHABTIU THE ANSWERERS - FOR THEY WERE TO AID THE DECEASED IN HER AFTERLIFE WHEN CALLED UPON) BY HER SIDE...



THE PYRAMID WAS THEN CLOSED, NOT TO BE DISTURBED OR RE-OPENED TILL THE DEMISE OF PHAROAH NEFERCHERES... THUS WAS KHAFRE'S DEATH OBSERVED WITH SOLEMNITY AND GRACE, THUS WAS SHE BURIED WITH THE UNDYING RESPECT AND ADORATION OF HER PEOPLE... UPON THE ORDERS OF NEFERCHERES... WHO WOULD HEAR NO ILL WORD SPOKEN OF HIS QUEEN AFTER HER DEATH. THUS A KINGDOM PAID THEIR RESPECTS IN PRAYERS OF MOCKERY, FOR THE PRESENT AT LEAST, THE MUMMY KHAFRE RESTS IN PEACE...



...IN 1883, PROFESSOR PETER FLINDERS AND HIS ASSOCIATE TOM FORTISS DISCOVER THE SMALLISH PELUSIUM PYRAMID BURIED UNDER THE SANDS... AND EXCAVATE THE TOMB OF THE PHARAOH NEFERCHERES AND HIS SOMEWHAT LESS-THAN-DEVOTED WIFE KHAFRE...

THE CIRCUS OF HORRORS



...OH? HOW WAS SHE MURDERED PROFESSOR?

HOW?... WELL, WHEN THEY MUMMIFIED HER... WHEN THE EMBALMERS BEGAN THEIR WORK...

KHAFRE WAS STILL ALIVE!! --OR SO THE LEGEND SAYS!







A PILLOW OVER THE OLD MAN'S FACE -- A MUFFLED SOFT CRY OF DESPERATION -- AND PROFESSOR FLINDERS DIES IN HIS SLEEP OF ACCIDENTAL SUFFOCATION -- AND TOM FORTISS IS HALF WAY TO BEING A RICH MAN.



...THE YEAR 1883 WAS A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE BRITISH, FRENCH AND ARABIAN GOVERNMENTS IMPOSED CONTROLS TO PREVENT ARCHEOLOGICAL LOOTING AND TOM FORTISS WAS EASILY ABLE TO SMUGGLE THE MUMMY OUT OF ITS TOMB AND INTO A STEAMSHIP NEARBY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN WHICH WAS BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES WITH A VARIETY OF EASTERN SILKS AND LINENS...



...THE MUMMY KHAFRE WAS CONCEALED IN THE BOTTOM OF A FALSE BOTTOM TRUNK-- SINCE FORTISS FEARED ITS ANIMATION, IT WAS HANDCUFFED AND ROPE WITH ITS ARMS BEHIND ITS BACK-- ITS ANKLES WERE ROPE AND STRAPPED TOGETHER-- AND A QUANTITY OF ETHER WAS LET SOAK INTO THE COFFIN WOOD EVERY DAY BY FORTISS, WHO INSPECTED HIS PRECIOUS CARGO DAILY...

...IN NEW YORK HARBOR, THE 'COFFIN' WHICH ACTUALLY WAS A CLOTHES' TRUNK, PASSED CUSTOMS EASILY, AND FORTISS MADE HIS SPEEDY FLIGHT TO THE INTERIOR ABOARD A HORSE-DRAWN WAGON... AS HE MADE FOR PHILADELPHIA WHERE T. P. BARNUM WAS REPORTED ON TOUR WITH HIS FAMOUS TRAVELLING CIRCUS, FORTISS HAD SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS VENTURES...



...ITS EYES ARE OPEN AGAIN... YET IT MOVES NOT ANOTHER MUSCLE... WILL BARNUM THINK THIS ENOUGH OF A THRILL? WILL HE NOT DEMAND TOTAL ANIMATION?

YOU GOTTA WHAT YOU WANNA SHOW ME?

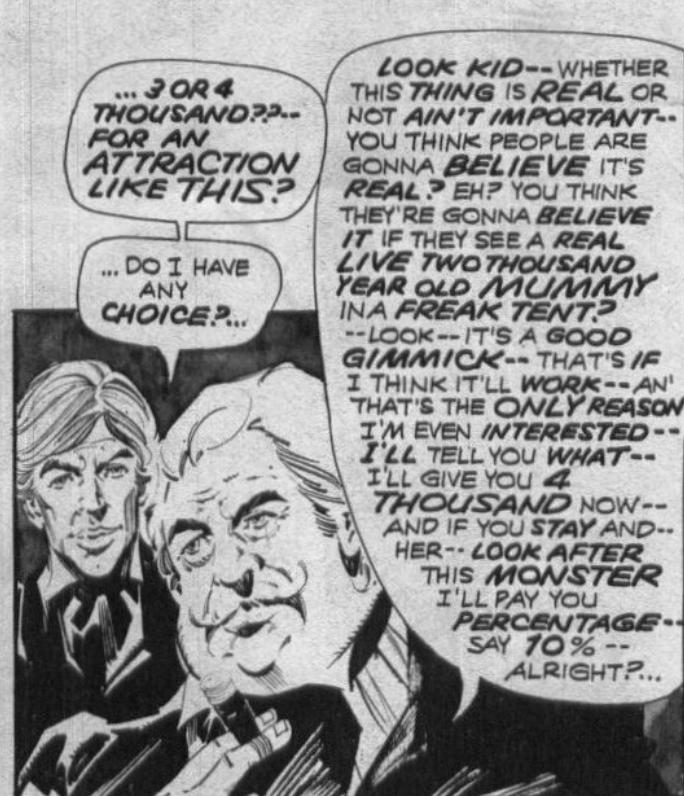
...I GOT A LIVING MUMMY MR. BARNUM-- I SMUGGLED IT OUT OF EGYPT... I CAN SHOW IT TO YOU NOW BUT I... I WOULD LIKE A FEW DAYS -- JUST A FEW DAYS ALONE WITH IT TO MAKE EVERYTHING READY...



ALRIGHT-- YOU GOT A FEW DAYS-- BUT THIS BETTER NOT BE A FAKE -- I'VE SEEN ENOUGH FAKE FREAKS TO LAST ME A LIFETIME -- I'LL THROW YOU OUT ON YOUR EAR BUSTER!!

OH, IT'S NOT A FAKE-- THAT MUCH I GUARANTEE...





...THE MUMMY KHAFRE WAS SILENT-- AND CALM-- SHE WATCHED THE BEWILDERED CROWDS LAUGHING AT HER AS THEY PARADED BY DAILY... DAY AFTER DAY... WEEK AFTER WEEK... HER MIND LEARNED THE MEANING OF THE WORDS EVERYONE AROUND HER USED... SHE LEARNED WHAT MODERN LIFE WAS LIKE-- CRUEL AND SOMEWHAT IDIOTIC, AS SHE LISTENED TO THE OTHER FREAKS AROUND HER... SHE LEARNED TO HATE, AS SHE WATCHED FORTISS EVERY NIGHT IN THE TENT, DRINKING AND BECOMING MORE MOROSE WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT...



...AND WHEN SHE HAD LEARNED SUFFICIENTLY, AND GROWN TO HATE ADEQUATELY AND BECAME BORED WITH THE Tedium OF HER ENDLESS DAY-BY-DAY ROUTINE-- AND WHEN HER BODY HAD BECOME HEALTHY FROM THE FOOD AND THE FRESH AIR... WHEN HER MUSCLES BECAME STRONG... WHEN HER MIND BECAME RESTLESS-- SHE YEARNED FOR FREEDOM!

...NEFERCHERES...

WHAT??-- YOU SPEAK?

YOUR HUSBAND? THE PHARAOH? YOU THINK I'M HIM? ...LISTEN KHAFRE... YOU GOT IT WRONG-- I'M SORRY-- YOUR HUSBAND'S BEEN DEAD FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW...



LOOK INTO MY EYES FORTISS-- LOOK AND SEE YOURSELF-- LOOK AND SEE NEFERCHERES-- ARE YOU NOT HIS REINCARNATED SPIRIT?





NEXT:
THE MURDERESS

**LEARN
how to
DIE
in the
TOMB OF HORROR**



ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR

...YOU ARE DEAD NOW--YET STILL YOU BREATHE, FOR YOU ARE ONE OF THEM-- ONE OF THE UNDEAD WHO DIE MANY DEATHS BEFORE THERE IS AN ABSOLUTE END TO CONSCIOUSNESS--THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO DIE-- YOU WILL LEARN THE MANY WAYS TO DIE IN

**NIGHTMARE PRESENTS
TOMB OF HORROR**



**Come to where the Horror is!
Come to Horror-Mood Country!**